A Complete Fantasy Adventure Game Magazine

PROTEUS

№14

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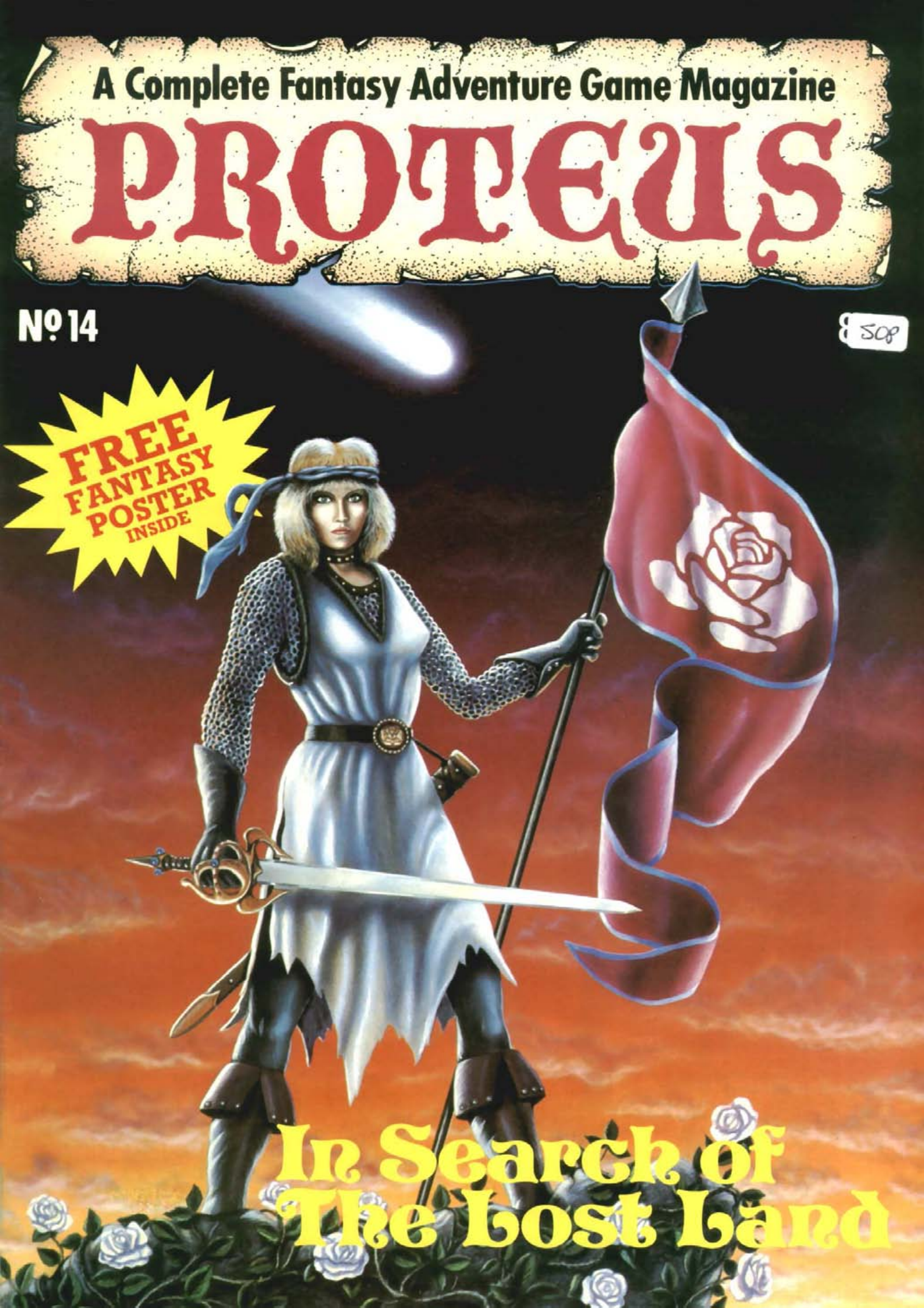

In Search of The Lost Land

Exclusive

NEW PROTEUS SWEATSHIRT DESIGN – SEE BACK PAGE

PROTEUS No. 14

In Search of The Lost Land

By Ruth Pracy

DICE and a pencil are all you need to begin this adventure – then *you* decide which route to take, which dangers to brave.

As you progress in your Quest, you are likely to encounter various traps, or face monsters. You will also get information, or find certain items which will be of help to you in your quest. You should record these in your *quest sheet* as well as keeping an account of how many rations you have left. As you use up rations, remember to cross them off in your *quest sheet.*

It is important that you build up a map of the way. You may not succeed at your first attempt, but each new journey will give you more information – until you are at last successful in your quest.

If you try to read the magazine in numerical order, it will make no sense. You must choose, when you are given the choice, which section to turn to, and which traps, puzzles, or monsters to face. Good luck!

NO. 15. A DOUBLE ISSUE

The free poster in issue 15 will be double the normal size. The issue will also be a double one with two full adventures, plus a special mini Christmas adventure – make sure you do not miss this special double Christmas issue which goes on sale on Friday November 20, price £1.20.

The main story in No. 15 is *The Havarine Madness* by M.W. Bolton. In this adventure you will be rewarded with half the kingdom of Garrangar, if you can save the people from the Havarine madness. Many brave adventurers have tried and failed – can you succeed?

We will also reprint *The Fortress of Kruglach* by Elizabeth Caldwell, from issue No. 6 and add in a hunt for Father Christmas – watch out for the elves and reindeer!

Don't miss this issue. Place an order with your newsagent now, or take out a subscription – see page 40.

ILLUSTRATIONS
FRONT COVER: K. Berdak
POSTER: Roger Garland
INTERNAL ARTWORK: Paul Campbell; P. Challenger; Dave De Leuw; Mark Dunn; Gary Harrod; Alan Hunter; Frank Frazetta

ABC

Editor Mike Kenward
PA Pauline Mitchell
Assistant Editor David Brunskill
Assistant Editor/Production David Barrington
Editorial Proteus, 6 Church Street, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 1JH. Tel: Wimborne (0202) 881749
Advertisement Manager Peter J. Mew, 4 Neasden Ave., Clacton-on-Sea, Essex CO16 7HG. Tel: Clacton (0255) 436471

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Introduction

THIS is not a story about our modern world, but one of long ago, when strange creatures roamed the land, and Sorcerers possessed great power. As an adventurer, your Wisdom, Strength, Courage and Agility have brought you safely through many daunting quests in the past. And when you begin this adventure, you will need all these qualities. Below, you will discover – with a little luck – how wise, swift and strong you are.

You will need two dice, a pencil and several sheets of paper: use the pencil and paper to draw a map of your progress. You may not succeed in the first attempt, and the, map will be useful in future attempts.

There is a Quest Sheet for you to write down your scores for Dexterity, Strength and Wisdom, and to keep a note of your rations, secrets learnt and items discovered. You may prefer, before you begin your adventure, to use the printed Quest Sheet simply as a model for the things you will need to take note of, or keep a record of, during your Quest. If you do this, you will obviously need another piece of paper to copy down the headings on the Quest Sheet.

Losing and gaining points

In some sections you will be awarded extra points (for example, you may read "Gain three Strength points"). You add these to your current Strength score, but remember, these scores may never exceed their *Initial* values. When you lose points (for example, "Lose one Dexterity point and two Strength points"), you simply deduct these from your current scores.

Replenishing your Strength

You are allowed to take with you enough rations for six meals: this is for the whole of the task you are about to undertake. Eating a meal restores five Strength points. When you stop for a meal – which you may do at any time, except during a battle – add five points to your current Strength score, and deduct one from the number of meals remaining to you. But remember to use your rations wisely: you have a long and difficult task ahead of you.

Rules for fighting

As you explore, you will encounter creatures which you may choose to engage in combat, or be forced to fight with for your life. Each creature will have its own Dexterity and Strength scores, given in the text. Make a note of these.

To resolve a battle:

1. Roll two dice, and add the creature's current Dexterity score. This is its *Fighting Power.*

2. Roll two dice, and add your own current Dexterity score. This is your *Fighting Power.*

3. If your *Fighting Power is* greater than the creature's, you have scored a blow and wounded it. Subtract two Strength points from its Strength score at that moment (unless told otherwise in the text). If the creature's *Fighting Power is* greater than yours in this round, it has wounded you. Subtract two points from your current Strength score. If both scores are the same, you have parried each other's blows, and neither of you loses any points.

The next round in the battle is done in just the same way. You repeat steps 1, 2 and 3 above. When either your or the creature's Strength score is reduced to zero, the battle is over. A zero Strength score means death, and you must begin again with new dice rolls for Dexterity and Strength.

Dexterity, Strength and Wisdom

Wisdom – Roll one dice. If the number is odd, round this up to the nearest even number, then halve it. If even, simply halve it. This is your Wisdom score, which cannot be reduced, and which may prove very useful to you.

Dexterity **–** Roll one dice. Add 6 to this number, and make a note of it on your Quest Sheet. This indicates your skill and mastery of swordsmanship.

Strength **–** Roll two dice. Add 12 to this number and make a note of it on your Quest Sheet. This is a measure of your fitness and stamina.

Your Wisdom, Dexterity and Strength ratings will probably change during the course of your adventure. You may lose Strength points in battle, for example, and then restore them by eating a meal. Your characteristics may also be affected by the items you discover in the course of your adventure, and in such situations, you will be told in the text what to do. You must remember, however, that your Strength and Dexterity scores must not exceed their ***Initial*** values, as determined by the dice rolls at the start of any one adventure.

Wisdom

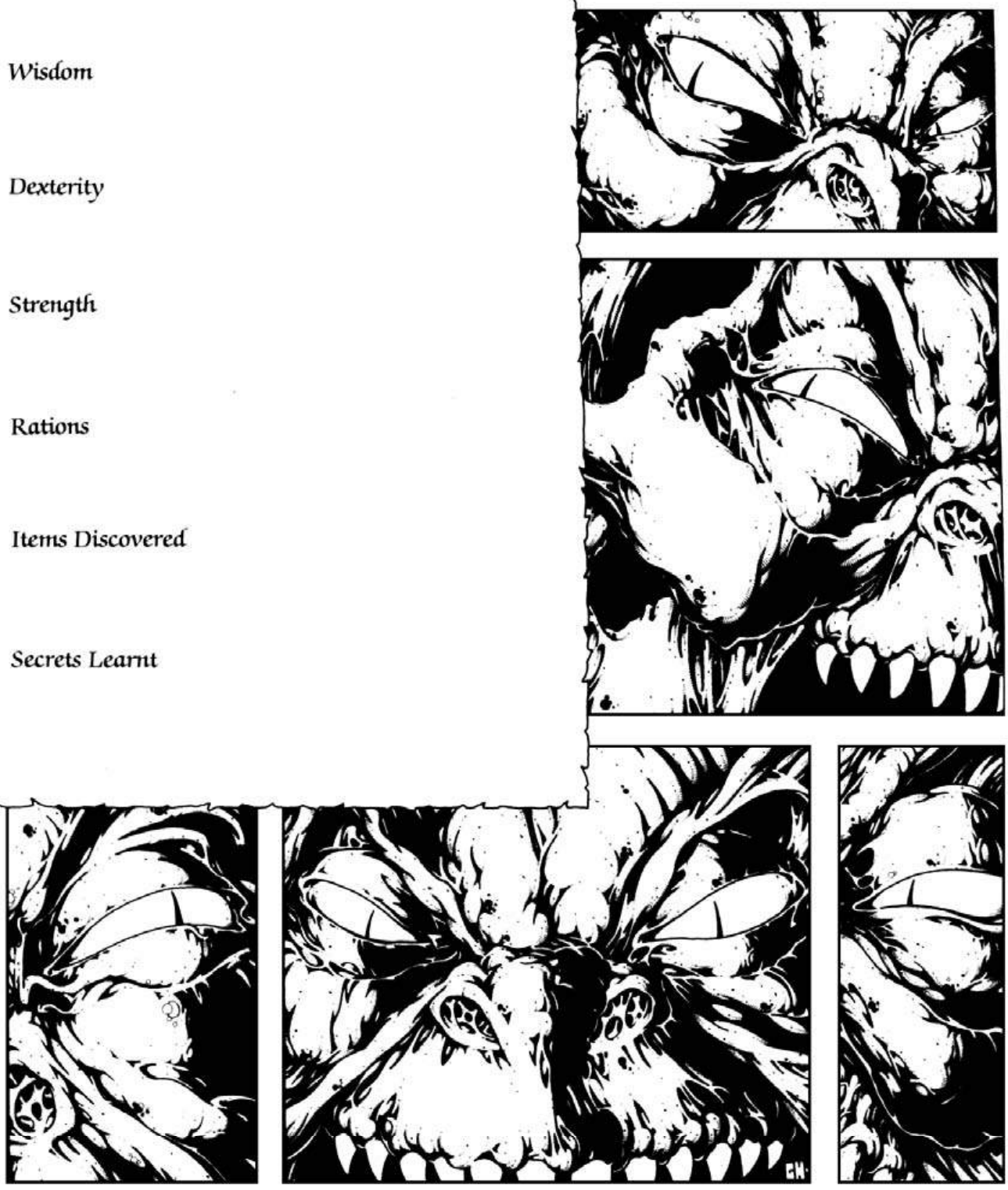
Dexterity

Strength

Rations

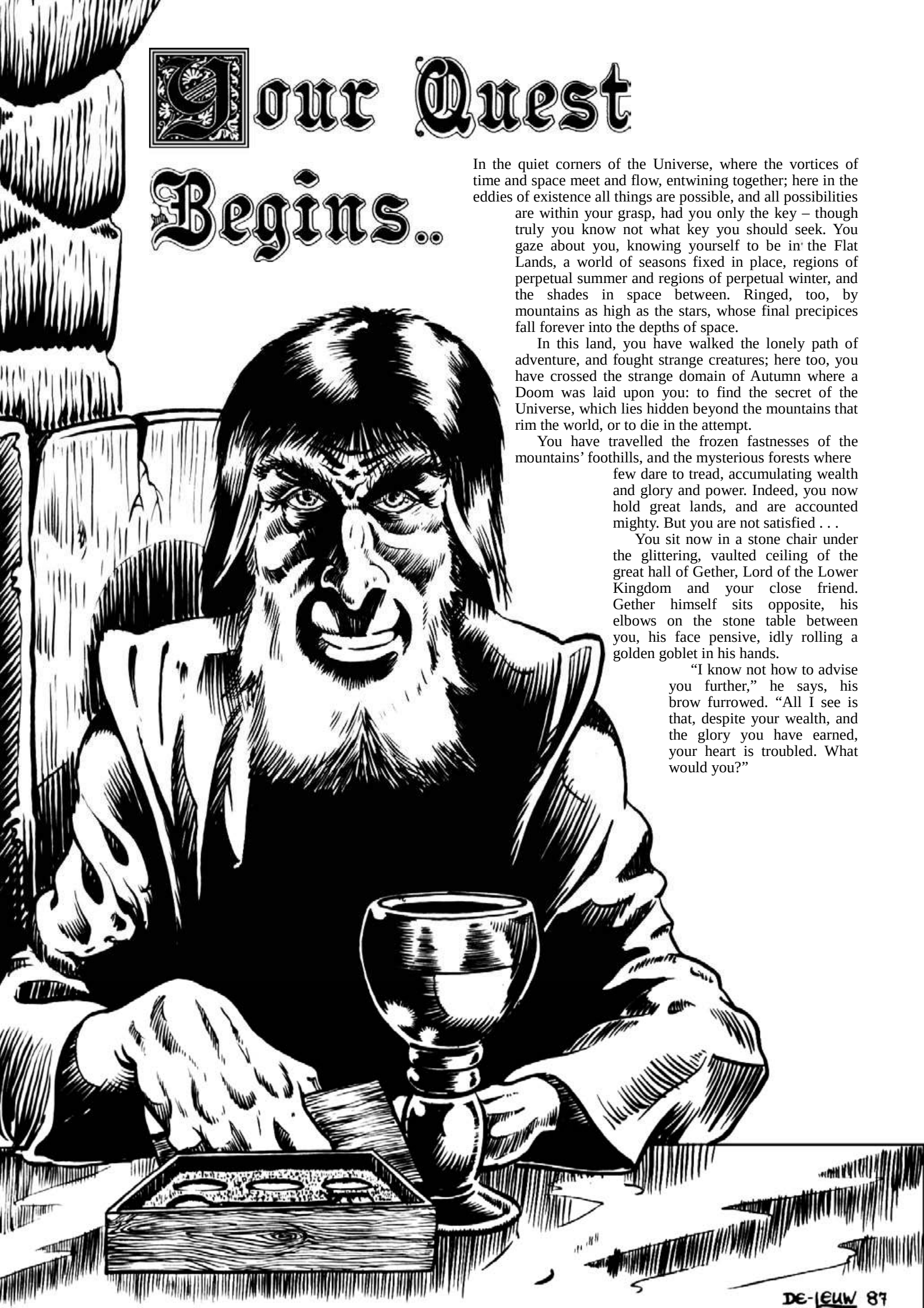
Items Discovered

Secrets Learnt



QUEST SHEET

Your Quest Begins..



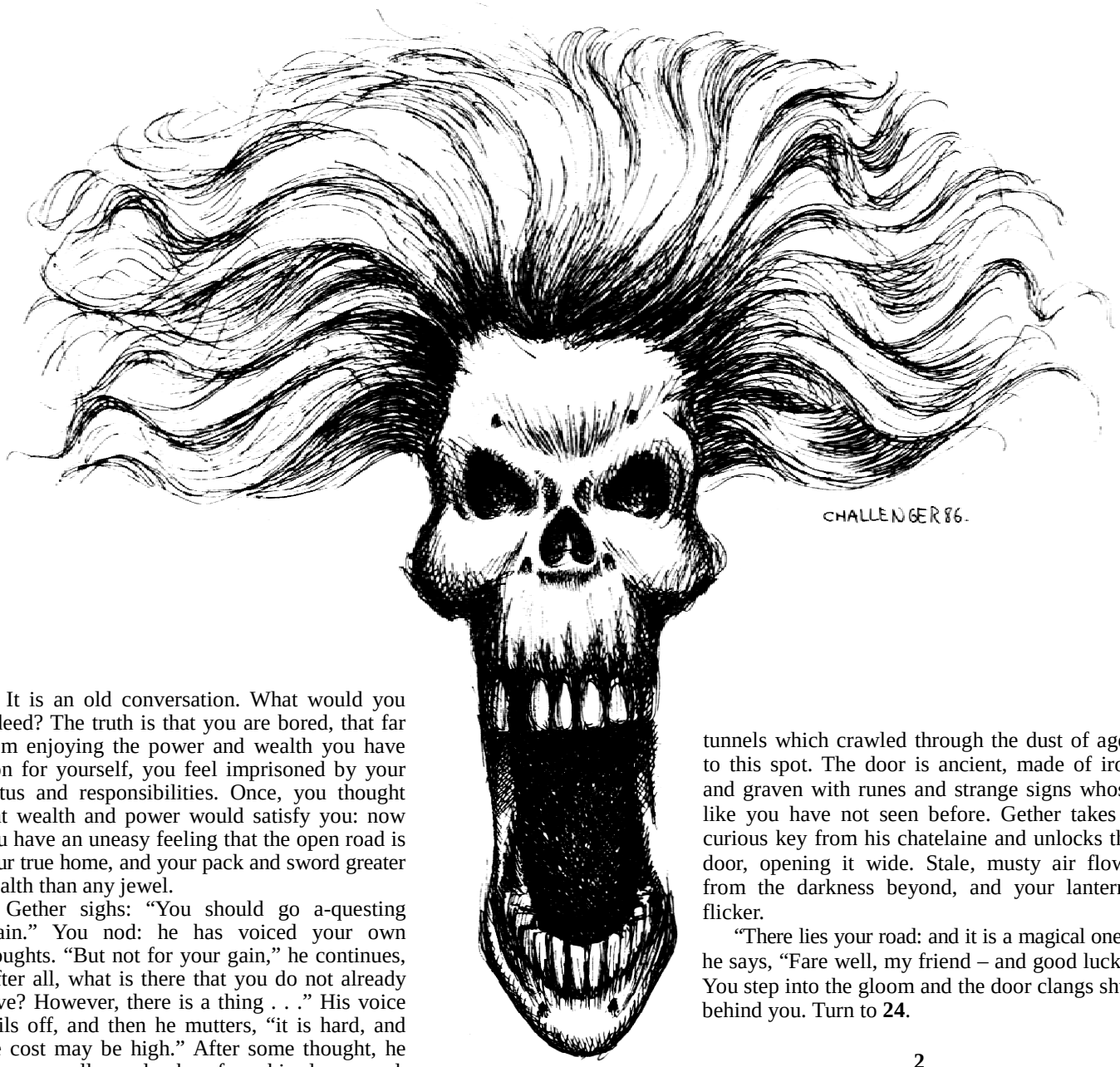
In the quiet corners of the Universe, where the vortices of time and space meet and flow, entwining together; here in the eddies of existence all things are possible, and all possibilities are within your grasp, had you only the key – though truly you know not what key you should seek. You gaze about you, knowing yourself to be in the Flat Lands, a world of seasons fixed in place, regions of perpetual summer and regions of perpetual winter, and the shades in space between. Ringed, too, by mountains as high as the stars, whose final precipices fall forever into the depths of space.

In this land, you have walked the lonely path of adventure, and fought strange creatures; here too, you have crossed the strange domain of Autumn where a Doom was laid upon you: to find the secret of the Universe, which lies hidden beyond the mountains that rim the world, or to die in the attempt.

You have travelled the frozen fastnesses of the mountains' foothills, and the mysterious forests where few dare to tread, accumulating wealth and glory and power. Indeed, you now hold great lands, and are accounted mighty. But you are not satisfied . . .

You sit now in a stone chair under the glittering, vaulted ceiling of the great hall of Gether, Lord of the Lower Kingdom and your close friend. Gether himself sits opposite, his elbows on the stone table between you, his face pensive, idly rolling a golden goblet in his hands.

"I know not how to advise you further," he says, his brow furrowed. "All I see is that, despite your wealth, and the glory you have earned, your heart is troubled. What would you?"



It is an old conversation. What would you indeed? The truth is that you are bored, that far from enjoying the power and wealth you have won for yourself, you feel imprisoned by your status and responsibilities. Once, you thought that wealth and power would satisfy you: now you have an uneasy feeling that the open road is your true home, and your pack and sword greater wealth than any jewel.

Gether sighs: "You should go a-questing again." You nod: he has voiced your own thoughts. "But not for your gain," he continues, "after all, what is there that you do not already have? However, there is a thing . . ." His voice trails off, and then he mutters, "it is hard, and the cost may be high." After some thought, he takes a small wooden box from his sleeve, and, opening it, lays it before you. There are three round depressions in the deep blue velvet padding, and a mark where a key once rested. "Here lay the stones of power, the Sariram, whence came the might of my kingdom of old. The key holds the secret *you* seek, and you must find all, and return the Sariram to their rightful place. And I tell you that they may be found in the Stupa of the Lost Land; and that your road begins here, in the caverns of my kingdom, and I will show you the start."

You need no further urging; while you gird and provision yourself for the journey, Gether explains that your way lies through the Underlands, beneath the mountains at the Southern edge of the world – "And the only guide I can give you is what was said to me many years ago, by a wisewoman: 'Seek the Lost Land beyond the rainbow, and the Stupa you will find there.' It means little to me, and I doubt much either to you. But if you are determined, as I think you are, to seek the key, it is time for you to leave."

Now read on....

1

You stand before the door leading from Gether's kingdom. Gether is by your side, having led you along many winding tunnels which crawled through the dust of ages to this spot. The door is ancient, made of iron and graven with runes and strange signs whose like you have not seen before. Gether takes a curious key from his chatelaine and unlocks the door, opening it wide. Stale, musty air flows from the darkness beyond, and your lanterns flicker.

"There lies your road: and it is a magical one," he says, "Fare well, my friend – and good luck." You step into the gloom and the door clangs shut behind you. Turn to **24**.

2

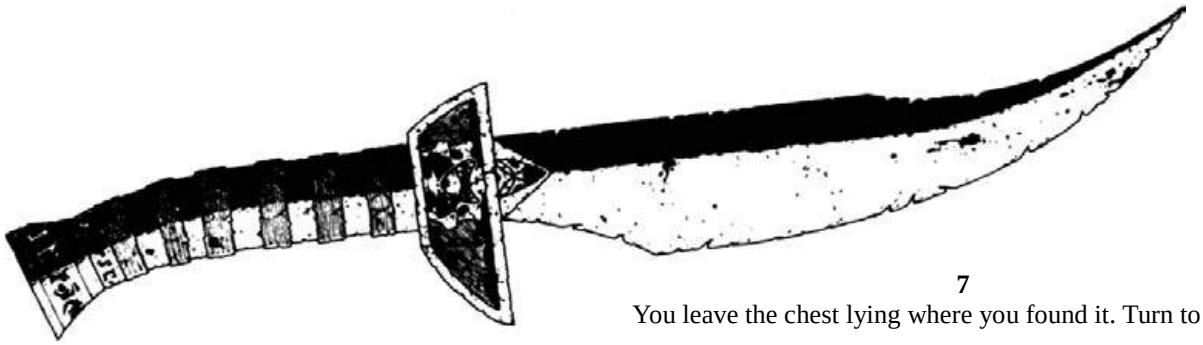
The pattern carved into the stone on your ring is identical to that of the girl's. Together you insert the rings into the depressions. Nothing happens. You look at the girl, but her face is blank, waiting. Have you 12 or more Wisdom points? If so, turn to **122**. If not, turn to **45**.

3

You emerge from the tunnel into a land radiant with golden light. Green grass ripples in a balmy summer breeze, and trees sway, dappling the flowery turf with a filigree of purple shade. The air is clear, and fresh; scented with delicate perfumes and a-hum with the buzzing of honey-bees. In the blue distance to the South, mountains soar, tower upon tower, seemingly climbing forever into the shining sky; and from the plain below them rises the flawless arc of a rainbow. You push on towards the rainbow with a new spring in your step. Turn to **196**.

4

The only way to rid yourself of the wolf now is to make exchange with him, though it will be costly; for the wolf will spare your life if you surrender to him your hand. If you are willing to do this, turn to **184**. If not, return to your previous position and carry on deducting points as before.



5

As you draw your weapon, a blinding light shoots from the girl's body. You watch in horror as a terrible shape – a Heruka – forms before you. It has three heads and six arms; smoke pours from its nostrils and blood drips from its taloned fingers. Each hand holds a different weapon, and they attack you in sequence – treat each arm as a separate enemy, so that you have six dice throws in each attack round. Each time you reduce an arm's score to zero, it has been lopped off and the HERUKA'S Dexterity is reduced by 1 point.

	Dexterity	*Strength*	
HERUKA	10	SWORD ARM	3
		AXEARM	3
		WHIP	4
		FLAIL	4
		SPEAR	3
		POISON DARTS	5

If you are hit by a poison dart, deduct 3, not 2 Strength points from your score. If you win, turn to **81**.

6

You plod through the snow between towers of ice, watching the shift and play of the red light on the spangled pinnacles. Suddenly, your shin brushes against a heavy object half-buried in the snow – a large iron chest. Brushing the snow from its lid, you read the following inscription:

"Gsrh, rh gsv nrtsgb sznnvi nrloomri, dsrxs gsv tlw GSLI sznnvivw rmgl vcrhgvmxv. nrloomri xlmuvih kldvi lmob lm gslhv dligsb gl tizhk rg. Gfim gl lmv vrtsg lmv."

If you can't solve this, turn to **7**. Alternatively, you can try to lever the chest open with your sword – turn to **186**.

7

You leave the chest lying where you found it. Turn to **148**.

8

As you stand over Garm's body, it decays in seconds into a foul, viscous liquid which hisses and fizzles, giving off a nauseous stench before fading into nothingness. Another door blocks the passage ahead of you, to the West. You edge around the spot where Garm lay, and the door slides open, disclosing a continuation of the Western Passage. You continue for some way, until the passage bends sharply to the North. But the way West also continues beyond the turning, stopping at a dead-end not far distant. You can see a large opening in the wall where the Western passage ends, and consider what to do now. Will you continue West, and climb up to and through the fissure to see where it leads? Turn to **57**; or follow the Northward tunnel? Turn to **20**.

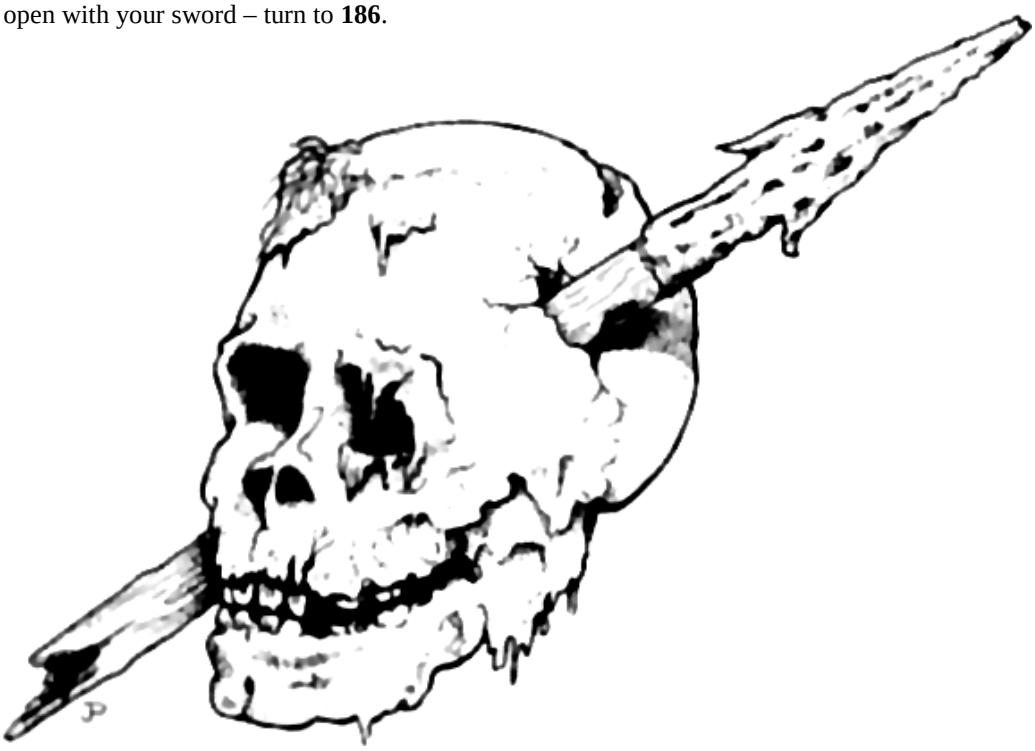
9

The foaming tide sweeps you along, helpless in its grip. It is cold, as cold as death, and as your body becomes numb, your struggles become weaker. Gradually, you sink beneath the surface, and know no more.

10

As you are about to step off the far end of the bridge, a beautiful maiden, girt with a glittering sword, moves from her post behind the parapet and blocks your path. "Hold!" she cries, "Who are you that walk thus loudly over the Echoing Bridge? Your feet make more noise than three companies of dead men! How came you here?"

Terror cleaves your tongue to the roof of your mouth, for now you know that you have penetrated the ultimate



MARK·K·DUNN
87

underworld, and that you face Modgud, the guardian of the gate to the kingdom of Hell, dread goddess of the dead. You have come living to the land of the damned. What will you do?

Will you:

Attack the maiden, hoping to win clear of this place?	Turn to	**123**.
Tell her of your quest?	Turn to	**137**.
Say that you have wandered here by chance?	Turn to	**35**.

11

You push against both doors – neither will budge. So you walk Westward until you come to a sharp right-hand bend in the tunnel which will lead you North again. However, the Western passage also continues for a short way until it stops at a dead-end. And there, a large fissure gapes in the Western wall about two feet above your head.

Will you:

Climb up to the fissure to see where it leads?	Turn to	**57**.
Follow the Northward tunnel?	Turn to	**20**.

12

The tunnel makes a right-hand turn and continues Southwards. The air becomes thick and foul, catching in your throat. A small tunnel lets into yours from the West, just where the way South is blocked by a heavy stone door which resists all your efforts to open it. Turn to **115**.

13

Wedging your fingers as deeply into the cracks in the rock as you can, you make your way painstakingly down the cliff face to the Southern continuance of the ledge. Turn to **120**.

14

Moving as silently as smoke, you drift across the cave to the dresser. It is pretty uninteresting. Suddenly, you hear a movement behind you, and whirl. An old troll, bent nearly double with age, is coming at you from the bed. “Dinner!” he cackles, and grabs for you. Will you duck and run? Turn to **38**; or stand and fight? Turn to **140**.

15

The dwarfs brains may be addled, but his strength is great, for he was forged from the roots of mountains before the World began, so that he might guard this place, and his flesh is as hard as stone.

	Dexterity	*Strength*
DWARF	5	20

If you win, you may either take the spear. Turn to **68**; or drink from the cauldron. Turn to **29**.

16

The tunnel rises slowly, narrowing all the time, and finally coming to a dead end at a convoluted wall. There is a crack just big enough to squeeze through some way above your head. Will you push your way through it? Turn to **94**; or retrace your steps to the junction and take the Eastern tunnel? Turn to **171**.

17

Fortunately, your fall is not a bad one, only a matter of some three yards or so, and you get away with a few bruises. Deduct 1 Strength point, and turn to **72**.

18

You have gone only a little further South, before you stop and wonder: the size of the great cavern which opens before you is stunning. It is so vast that it is impossible to see across it, or to even hazard a guess as to its extent. On one side, to your left, you can see an endless expanse of frozen desert, great mountains and pinnacles of ice rearing up towards the unfathomable roof, glowing with the reds and pinks and oranges of an arctic sunset. But these colours do not come from any natural light: they are instead reflections of the huge fires raging on the other side of the ravine: hills and rivers and likes of molten fire which roar for mile after endless mile – a whole land aflame.

Between the fire and the ice lies a formless ravine, stretching into the distance seemingly forever. It is filled with slowly-whirling mist in which strange shapes and phantom colours come and go, being called into existence and vanishing again as you watch. For this is Ginnungagap, the Space of Magic Deceit, where worlds are born, and die. Do you dare to step away from the edge, into the formless mists? If so, turn to **198**; or will you try to make your way along a narrow ledge, which you can see continues for some way East, high above the land of ice? Turn to **83** if so. The fire is plainly impassable.

19

Now a charnel reek taints the air, sickly-sweet with decay and rotten things: side chambers let into the tunnel and, stooping to peer into one of these, you gag and stagger back, weak and shaking. For the chambers are full of the nameless dead, some in coffins, some rotting, dismembered, and discarded. Turn to **77**.

20

The tunnel is long and smooth-stoned. The lantern flickers eerily, casting strange shadows on the walls, and the air is very still and cold. You pass a heavy wooden door on your left: it does not yield when you try to open it, but it seems to mark a change in the tunnel, for the walls become rougher, as if hewn from the living rock, unshaped by the hands of men. The air is warmer here, and the walls sparkle with many-coloured crystals. Turn to **28**.

21

The red glow of the land of fire soon fades behind you as the cave bends East and narrows to a damp and chilly passage, sloping sharply downwards. There is an unpleasant smell in the air which grows stronger as you proceed. You round a corner and turn South to see a dim light some way ahead. If you have no lantern, or, having one, wish to douse its light so that you may approach unseen, turn to **192**. If you have a lighted lantern, turn to **101**.

22

Wedging your fingers as deeply into the cracks of the rock as you can, you swing your legs over the gap. Your toes just reach the ledge beyond, and hook over a rocky protrusion. Gasping, you inch your way across from finger-hold to finger-hold, until you reach the other side. Deduct 2 Strength points and turn to **120**.

23

By the light of your lantern you can see to follow a clear path which runs straight through the cliff. Turn to **3**.

24

You walk South to a T-junction. Both left- and right-hand passages slope downward. Between them there is a smooth area in the rock wall. As you approach it, it lights up, gleaming with the milky, iridescent fire of an opal's heart. A hollow voice issues from the air around you: "None may enter the Underland save at another's bidding; and all must swear to pursue wisdom first of all in such a quest. Do you so swear?" If you do turn to **44**. If not turn to **130**.

25

As you turn from the chamber, the wall closes behind you again with a dull "thunk", and you walk South – turn to **64**.

26

You pass through the cave without hindrance, through the opening, and down a short, South-heading tunnel. The source of the light is now apparent, as you enter a large, well-lit hall. At the end of it is a huge throne, a pile of weapons, and a smoking fire in between. Will you:

Sit in the throne?	Turn to	**30**.
Examine the weapons?	Turn to	**136**.

27

The sound of the horn is pure and true, and it echoes around the cliffs and crags of the Iceland, a pulsing note beating on the empty air; and suddenly all around swirl the tawny manes and tails of fiery steeds and their wild riders. "Who has sounded the Horn?" they cry. "Is Surt upon us? Where is the battle to be joined?" You point silently at the terrible shape which boils towards you; and with a fearsome yell the riders gallop toward it, into the very jaws of darkness. Wind howls, and thunder booms; jagged spears of lightning sizzle and sear around you. Do you have Miollnir *and* a supple leather belt? If so, turn to **131**. If not, turn to **88**.

28

Ahead of you the tunnel is blocked; but as you approach, there is a rumbling noise and a great slab of stone trundles to one side, revealing a tunnel running East and lined with stalactites and stalagmites which glitter in the lamplight like evil, grinning teeth. As you step among them the slab rumbles shut again. You cannot re-open it, and so head East. Turn to **12**.

29

Have you, at any time, eaten of a Golden Apple? If so, turn to **187**. If not, turn to **79**.

30

No sooner are you seated than you feel yourself rising into the air – and realise that it is the throne itself which is lifting you! You swiftly roll off and drop to the floor, landing safely, and watch as the throne continues its rise, finally grinding against the roof. Then you become aware of a new threat – turn to **36**.

31

You walk for hours through the drifting snow, until you are so weary you can scarcely see the ground beneath your feet. To make matters worse, it begins to snow – deduct three Strength points. The snow falls steadily and straight, and you can see little beyond the white curtain that is always before you, until you reach the edge of a great crevasse, splitting the land from North to South. You have reached Ginnungagap, and, barely conscious, step out into its misty depths. Turn to **76**.

32

The cowbell clangs loudly. The heap of furs on the bed heaves convulsively, and a pair of eyes squint out at you. “Ha! – a human!” says a muddy voice, and the furs are cast aside as a troll, bent nearly double with age, emerges from them and stomps towards you.

Will you:

Run for your life?	Turn to	**38**.
Hold your ground?	Turn to	**86**.

33

Turning from the bridge and the maiden, you follow a faint cinder track which winds Southwards towards a brooding wall of cliffs, stretching across your path. Arriving at the cliff face, you discover that a small cave burrows downwards – turn to **41**.

34

The doorknob turns easily, and a heavy door swings back to reveal a stone spiral staircase, winding down into the heart of the earth. You set off down it, following it to another stone door and so out into the dim, red light of the Iceland. The flare of the great burning is muted at this distance, yet still the ice cliffs sparkle, and the snow glows with the delicate hues of sunset. Turn to **185**.

35

Modgud stares at you in stark disbelief. “None come here by chance,” she states flatly, “And none at all come here alive. Nor shall you leave alive!” She draws her sword and cleaves the air in front of you. “Fight!” she screams. Turn to **123**.

36

There is a roar from behind the throne, and three hideous giantesses clump towards you, howling with fury. One of them peers down at you, frowning, her face looming huge above you. Will you defend yourself with:

A hammer?	Turn to	**53**.
A spear?	Turn to	**146**.
A normal sword?	Turn to	**62**.
A bow and arrows?	Turn to	**125**.
A mace?	Turn to	**99**.
A slender chain?	Turn to	**152**.
A golden sword?	Turn to	**60**.

37

You may now continue South through the Iceland, turn to **132**; or head West to Ginnungagap. Turn to **156**.

38

You duck under the troll’s groping hands and dive down the

Southern tunnel. You soon realise that the troll is not pursuing you – he is probably too old to do so – and you lean against a wall to regain your breath. It is then that you find you have no way of rekindling your lantern, and must continue in darkness. Turn to **153**.

39

The tunnel runs straight for a while, then plunges steeply downwards and turns South. After a time it begins to rise a little. You pass tall pillars and dark chambers, the lamplight sparking glittering life into tumbling falls of translucent crystal, while fiery gemstones spangle the walls with flares of radiant colour that have, perhaps, never seen the light before. The tunnel leads you into a small cave from which run three other passages. The Western, right-hand one leads up, the Eastern down, and the Southern down also. Which will you take?

West?	Turn to	**170**.
East?	Turn to	**127**.
South?	Turn to	**183**.

40

You begin to wonder, as you walk, whether the great wall bounding the Southern edge of the Iceland will ever end. It looms high above you, spangled with crystals that glitter and gleam in the icy light.

At last you come across an opening – a blank tunnel mouth burrows South and downwards under the wall. If you have a lantern and the means to light it, turn to **23**; or if you have more than 10 Wisdom points, turn to **92**. If you can fulfil neither of these conditions, turn to **97**.

41

The cave leads into the vertical shaft of a granite chimney, up which you must go. Wedging your legs against one wall, and your back against the other, you begin to edge your way upwards. The walls are rough, and the sharp edges of the rock cut into your elbows and knees, tearing your clothing. Soon your arms and legs are trembling with the strain, and your muscles start to cramp up. If they do, you will fall. Can you make it to the top before that? Throw one dice. Every time you throw a 4, 5 or 6 you may climb 10 yards upwards. Every time you throw a 1, 2 or 3, you slip back 5 yards, and must deduct 2 Strength points. The chimney is 50 yards high . . . if you make it, turn to **155**.

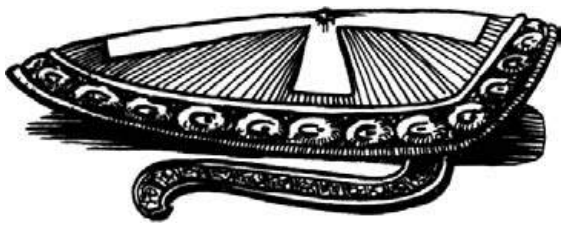
42

Heimdal's grim countenance lightens as he looks upon the hammer. He grins. "Indeed, no mortal may set foot upon this bridge, but I think that you do not have the need," he says. "Do you but throw Miollnir and not let go, and we shall see."

You obey him – and find yourself soaring through the air, the bridge shimmering beneath you, the sky above. Add 2 Wisdom points. You land gently on the other side. Turn to **179**.

43

Suddenly you are wide awake, the vision gone. You hasten on your way not knowing what the strange vision means – does it foreshadow your fate? Turn to **75**.



44

"Well done," the voice says. "Pass, friend, and blow this at need." A silver-bound horn appears on the ground before you. Will you now go left (East)? Turn to **55**; or right (West)? Turn to **39**.

45

The casket will not open for you: your quest has failed. You watch in dismay as casket, girl and all fade into oblivion, leaving you alone on a lonely and barren hillside.

46

At last you pull yourself over the lip of an overhang and lie exhausted in the mouth of a small cave. If you wish to return down the cliff, turn to **114**. If you wish to enter the cave, turn to **21**.

47

You push the wolf towards the land of fire, and he floats down until he is no more than a black speck against the burning. A spurt of flame rears upwards for a moment, and then he is gone. Turn to **163**.

48

The ice is very white, and gives off a faint mist in the sunlight. Do you have a pair of bones? If so, turn to **87**. If not, turn to **195**.

49

Your flesh crawls as you part the slimy tendrils and a nauseous smell rises around you. You plunge your hand into the heart of the glowing mass – and touch cold metal. You bring forth a curiously wrought silver wristband, with a raised design on its surface. Clasping the band around your wrist, you continue on your way South. Turn to **147**.

50

But there is no rest; you find yourself walking, as though in a dream, and stop. You have walked due South, across the island, and into the entrance to a small cave.

You seem to pass through the cave, insubstantial, before you enter a large well-lit hall. At the end is a huge throne, a pile of weapons, and a smoking fire in between. Will you:

Sit in the throne?	Turn to	**30**.
Examine the weapons?	Turn to	**136**.

51

A galloping of hooves fills the air, and swirling out of the mist comes a band of warriors, mounted on fiery steeds, their leader god-like and grim. They are clad in armour and animal skins, and it seems to you that their forms waver and flow between the shapes of man and beast. They mill around you, rearing. "Who has sounded the horn?" they cry. "Is Surt upon us? Where is the battle to be joined?" Red-faced, you try to explain that there is no battle, just you, stuck here on this ledge, but your voice sounds feeble even to your own ears, and under the warriors' stony stares you falter, and hang your head.

"You summoned us for *this?"* roars the leader, "Hah!" and

he leans forward and deals you a mighty blow to your head, nearly knocking you off the cliff. Deduct 2 Strength points and reduce your Dexterity by 1. The horsemen whirl and gallop away, leaving you in as bad a position as before. You must either go up, turn to **95**; or try to swing to safety, turn to **22**.

52

The passage slopes downwards, becoming increasingly steep as you proceed. Its surface is glassy-smooth, and – though you scrabble desperately for a foothold – your feet shoot out from under you and you cannon downwards amid a shower of small stones and- rubble. Suddenly, you pop out of a tunnel-mouth, tumbling into a black river far below. Your lamp is extinguished as you fight the water, though you manage to keep your head up, struggling furiously. If a small bird is determinedly perched on your backpack, turn to **84**. Otherwise, turn to **9**.

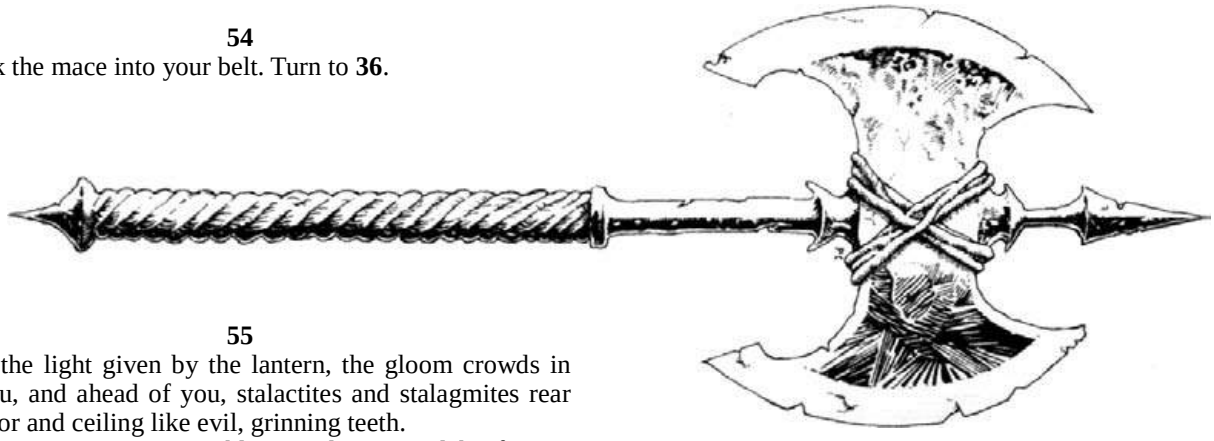
53

	Dexterity	*Strength*
GIANTESSES	6	15

If you win, turn to **188**.

54

You tuck the mace into your belt. Turn to **36**.



55

Despite the light given by the lantern, the gloom crowds in upon you, and ahead of you, stalactites and stalagmites rear from floor and ceiling like evil, grinning teeth.

There is an ominous rumbling, and a great slab of stone suddenly descends from the ceiling, blocking the tunnel behind you. You have no choice but to go forward. Turn to **154**.

56

You follow the tunnel Northwards until a heavy stone door blocks the passage ahead of you: it swings open at your touch and you step into an East-West tunnel. The Eastern end is blocked by a stone door identical to the one through which you have just come – and which has now closed silently behind you. Turn to **11**.

57

You climb up to the fissure and balance on its ledge, peering into the darkness beyond. You lift your lantern higher to give a brighter light – and your feet slip out from under you and you pitch forward into the unknown. Turn to **112**.

58

The leading warrior throws back his head and laughs. “Not aid, but death shall you have of us!” he cries, and plunges his spear deep into your heart.

59

You raise the horn to your lips, and blow a single, pure note, which echoes and re-echoes in the mountain passes. A thrumming of hooves reverberates from beyond the rainbow’s end, growing louder; and soon, sweeping over the crest of the bow come the forms of the Einherjar, wild, unhuman, led by a bloodthirsty and treacherous god-like warrior. Their fiery steeds swirl around you, and it seems that their shapes waver and flow, changing from man to beast to man again. “Who summons us to Bifrost Bridge?” the leader cries, “and what would you want of me?” Are you leading the Fenriswolf? If so, turn to **160**. If not, turn to **139**.

60

Idiot! – don’t you know that gold is one of the softest metals? The sword barely grazes your foe before bending and twisting out of shape. You have no time to draw another weapon – your adventure ends here.

61

As you say the name, the chest opens. Inside it lies a mighty war hammer, which you take and hang from its thong about your neck before setting off South. Add 4 Wisdom points. Turn to **148**.

62

	Dexterity	*Strength*
GIANTESSES	10	15

If you win, turn to **188**.

63

You slide down the scree in a wild tumble of stones and mountain-debris, and shoot straight over the edge to plunge into the depths of the valley below, So, hey, did you want to live forever?

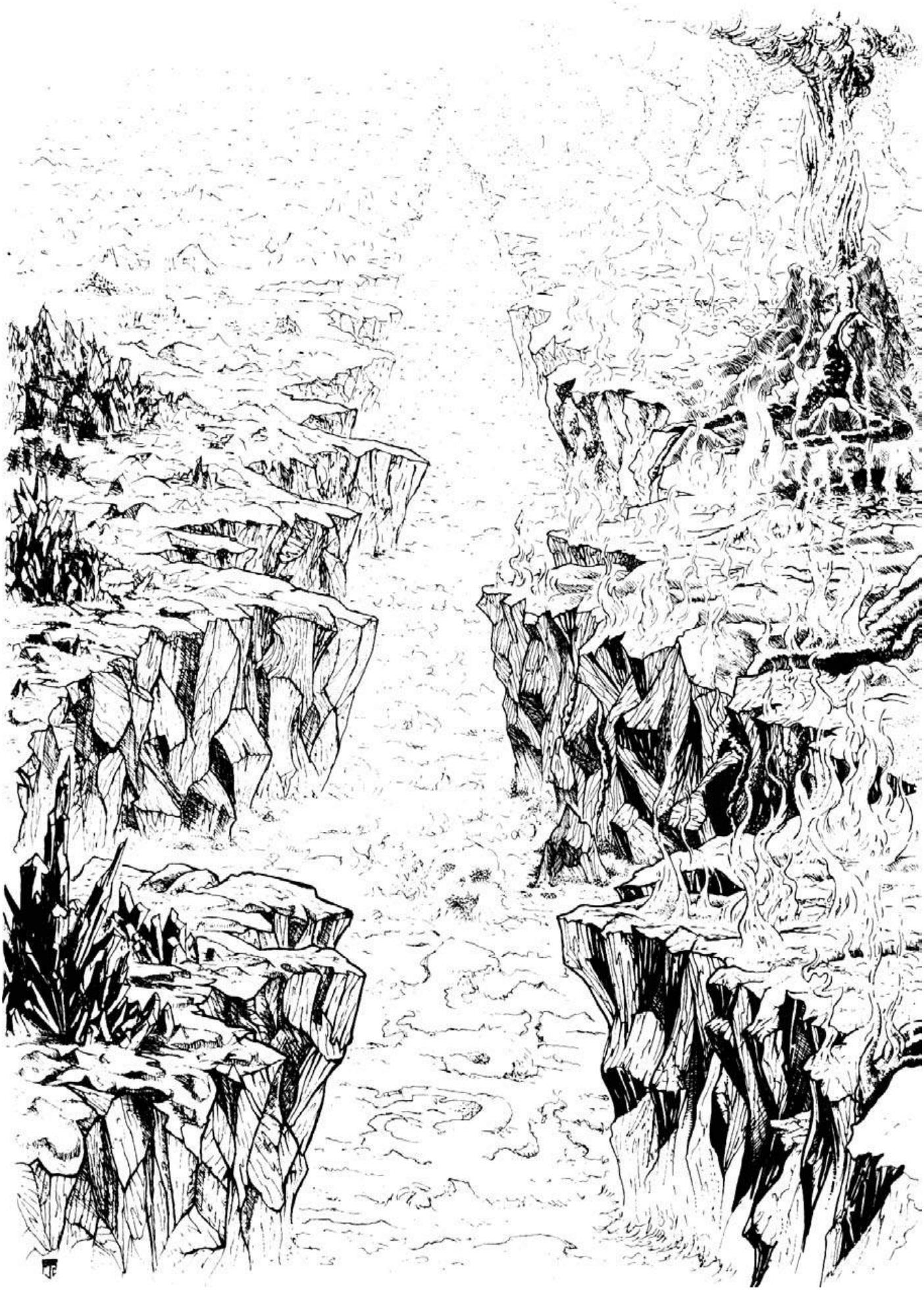
64

You come to a junction. Will you:

Turn left and Eastwards?	Turn to **171**.
Carry on South and upwards?	Turn to **16**.

65

You soon regret your choice – for as long as you can regret anything. A mighty chasm crosses your path, invisible in the darkness, and you step confidently into its inky depths. Your adventure ends here.



66

With exaggerated care, you inch Westwards along the ledge, until you are directly above the opening of the ravine. The extent of the great chasm before you is impossible to even guess at, as you look down in wonder.

On your left is the great frozen desert, vast mountains and pinnacles of ice rearing up, glowing with dancing pinks and reds. But these colours are reflections of the huge fires raging in the land to the West – mile upon mile of hills and rivers and lakes of molten fire.

Between the fire and the ice lies the great formless ravine, filled with slowly-whirling mist in which strange shapes and phantom colours come and go as you watch. For this is Ginnungagap, the Space of Magic Deceit, where shadow and substance meet, and worlds are born, and die. If you dare to step away from the edge, and into the mists, turn to **198**. If you prefer to go back along the edge, Eastwards, turn to **83**.

67

The hammer strikes Heimdal a mighty blow on the head, bringing him to his knees. But it will only return "to the hand of the strong and the bold", and if you have less than 10 Strength points you have lost it forever, and must turn to **102**. But if the hammer returns to your hand, you can press home your advantage:

	Dexterity	*Strength*
HEIMDAL	8	6

If you win, turn to **107**.

68

The spear comes lightly to your hand. Turn to **26**.

69

It is foolishness to lead Doom behind you: sooner or later it will overcome you. The wolf frets at the chain, pulling against you so that it is a struggle to continue: deduct 1 Strength point for every move you make whilst you lead him. Turn to **163**. (If at any time in the future, you wish to rid yourself of the wolf, turn to Section **4**, making a note of the paragraph number you have left before you do so.)

70

But it is not the ground. You drift through the air, limbs splayed, until gentle water lifts you. There is no need to swim, as the warm current takes you gently South. Belatedly, becoming fully conscious once more, you consider your predicament. You are being borne South, as though drifted by the wind, gently. But the current is steadily increasing in strength, the water becoming colder, and you swim for the Eastern shore, and climb easily upwards.

The wind is strong and icy now, chilling you to your bones. All that you can see before you is shallow snow, and treacherous patches of ice. But a clear path is before you, and you move carefully along it, heading East. Turn to **193**.

71

Your fatigue grows as you walk, and to make matters worse, it begins to snow, so that you can scarcely see the ground beneath your feet – lose two Strength points. And so at last you come upon Ginnungagap unawares, and pitch forward into its misty depths – turn to **76**.

72

East and South the tunnel is blocked by heavy stone doors which you cannot open. You must proceed West to where the passage turns North, though the way West continues for a short way before stopping at a dead-end. Another, larger fissure gapes in the Western wall here, about two feet above your head. Will you:

Climb up to the fissure? Turn to **57**.
Follow the Northward tunnel? Turn to **20**.

73

There is also a cowbell hanging at this entrance to the cave. You may ring it, and see what comes, turn to **32**; or explore by stealth, turn to **14**.

74

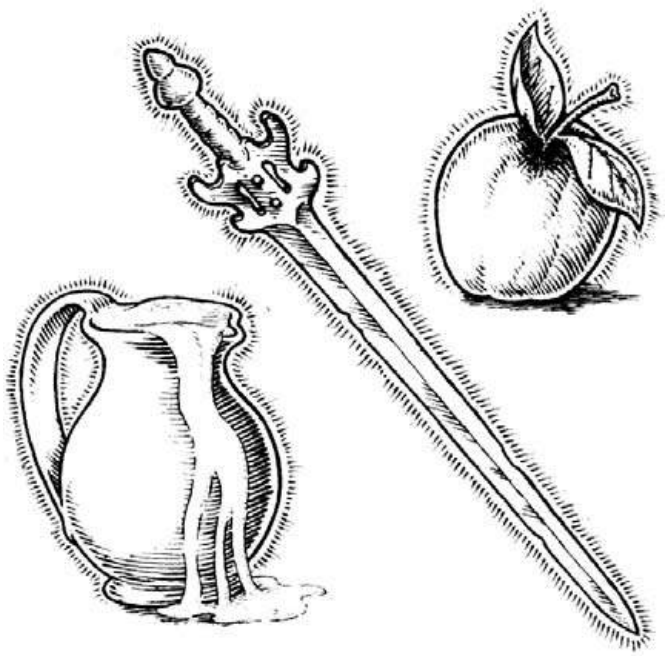
It is hard to believe that the shimmering arc of Bifrost is strong enough to hold you, for it seems no more substantial than a gleaming shadow, or a sunbeam cast from heaven. Its colours glimmer, translucent beneath your feet, and through them you can see, far, far below, the white puffs of clouds, and below those again, green hilltops and a gleam of water.

It is a journey that takes all time and no time, and when you stand again on earth's firmness, you wonder almost if it were not a dream. Turn to **179**.

75

The tunnel turns sharp right and proceeds Westwards, the air becoming clean and pure again, its ancient mustiness sweet to your senses after the charnel murk. Some way ahead you see a T-junction. A delicious smell issues from the Southern tunnel, but the Northern is dark and silent. Will you go:

South? Turn to **117**.
North? Turn to **56**.



76

Waves of light break around you, and translucent breezes caress you. Beautiful creatures come and go, and birds sing in invisible trees.

Slowly, three things crystallize from obscurity: a Golden Apple, a Golden Sword, and a Golden jug, filled to overflowing with milk. Which will you take:

The Golden Apple? Turn to **85**.
The Golden Sword? Turn to **176**.
The Golden jug of milk? Turn to **138**.

77

As you cringe from the vile stench a strange scene plays in your mind. You seem to be dreaming but feel the past, or perhaps the future, is being acted out inside your head.

A ghostly god is summoning the corpses to rise and attack you. They clamber stiffly from the scattered coffins, clad in the remains of their clothing and armour, moving relentlessly towards you. Turn to **43**.

78

The earthquake batters you against wall and floor until you are bruised all over, and ache in every limb. Deduct 3 Strength points. At last you manage to stagger out of the building. Turn to **162**.

79

The dwarf makes no move to prevent your drinking, but the liquid burns your throat like fire. It is deadly poison to any moral who partakes of it, and your adventure ends here.

80

Eerie noises whisper from the darkness ahead: behind you a door clangs shut – you cannot go back. Pinpoints of light swim before your eyes and you blink to rid yourself of illusion – only this is no illusion: you are staring into the eyes of GARM, one of the hounds of Hell who guard the underworld. His jaws drip venom, and his eyes are red: he has come to drag you down to his Mistress' dark kingdom. You must fight.

	Dexterity	*Strength*
GARM	7	3

If you survive, turn to **8**.

81

The body of Heruka fades away in the sunlight, as if it had never been. You turn your attention to the collapsed building, digging frantically in the rubble. But there is no trace of the gold you saw: there is nothing here but old stones and mortar. Your quest has failed.

82

Well, you may be stupid, but at least you're brave. Seizing a bone from the dresser, you belabour the troll with it. "Ha!" he growls, "Sticks and stones may break *your* bones, but they ain't going to hurt me, me hearty!" and grabbing you by the legs, he whirls you round his head a couple of times, bashes your head against the wall and throws you into the cooking pot. Perhaps you had better start again?

83

The ledge is narrow, and you are grateful that the land of fire burns so brightly, illuminating your path. You inch out onto the shallow shelf, clinging to the rock face like an insect to a wall. Slowly, you edge your way East, splayed against the rock wall behind you, until the ledge turns to the South, and you continue, gingerly making your way, the Iceland far below.

But at once the rock beneath your feet begins to crumble – you dig your fingers into the cliff face, scrabbling blindly for a foot- or hand-hold. You can see that the ledge is safe again only a yard or so from where you hang. Will you try to swing yourself to safety? – turn to **22**; or will you try to climb upwards – turn to **95** – or blow the horn? Turn to **51**.

84

The sky is darkened as you struggle in the water, and you look up to see a massive bird of prey descending. Its beak gapes as it shrieks in fury, and the huge creature drops out of the clear sky, its talons reaching for you. This, it seems, is the end – turn to **105**.

85

As you pick up the apple the sword fades away. The apple smells delicious, and unable to resist it, you take a bite. At once all your weariness drops from you and any Strength points you may have lost are restored, for this is one of the Apples of Youth, grown by the rulers of this land to confer immortality upon them. Whilst it cannot make *you* live forever, as it would a god, it affords great protection. No longer a mere mortal, however, in all future battles, you will lose only 1 Strength point when your enemy wounds you.

You may now take the jug if you wish – turn to **138**; or leave it – turn to **163**.

86

The troll stoops and looks at you intently. "Humph," he says, "Humph. Come in, small one, come in. Don't stand there as if you've been turned to stone, ha-ha!" and he shambles over to the dresser, chuckling at his own joke. You follow him. "Well, sit down, sit down," he says impatiently, gesturing towards a rather large stone stool. "What can I do for you, young human? It's not often I have guests, so ask what you will."

You explain that your most pressing need at the moment is for light to see your way through the caves, and he gestures to a shelf on the dresser which holds several lamps and dozens of flasks of oil. "Help yourself, human," he says, "That should see you through the tunnels." You thank him, and then, in answer to his questions, you tell him of your quest, and how it seems that you must seek wisdom also. The troll looks at you with a bright eye. "Seems to me they're the same thing," he says enigmatically.

As you make your farewells, he hands you a pair of dusty bones. "Might come in handy," he says, "I can't give you aught else, but if it's wisdom you're after, I can tell you that you've found some of that, at least." Add 2 Wisdom points. You stow the bones in your pack, and kindling your lantern, set off down the Southern tunnel. Turn to **158**.

87

You take the bones from your pocket and throw them out onto the ice. They land with a small explosion like a fire-cracker – and you are sped East and South, a vast wind hurling you, and the land flashing past, until you fall, tumbling and rolling, but unhurt, to the ground below. Turn to **111**.

88

The wind tosses you into the air, blue fire playing along your limbs and body, burning your flesh and setting your clothes aflame. Life slips away from you. Much later a fine ash rains down on the Iceland . . .

89

Will you use your normal sword? Turn to **15**; or a golden sword? Turn to **60**.

90

Light gleams in front of you. Soon you emerge into the bright sunlight of a green mountain valley, completely surrounded by snowcapped peaks. You look back to the tunnel mouth – and see only green hillside. You are trapped, and shall not leave here while breath fills your lungs.

91

The apple is like none other you have ever tasted: all other apples seem like cinders in comparison. You have a strong feeling of well-being, like being more than a mere mortal, but apart from this it appears to have no effect on you. You leave the chamber and head North. Turn to **56**.

92

Wisdom will see you through the darkest of situations! You negotiate the path through the cliff without mishap; and because wisdom, when used correctly, gets more wisdom, you score 2 more Wisdom points. Turn to **3**.

93

The bridge arcs high above the bubbling river and you cross it to the murmur of the waters echoing in empty vastnesses around you. It leads directly to another passage which dives back into the rocky depths; and as you follow it the sound of water fades behind you. At last you come to a wooden door with neither handle nor latch. Push and pull as you may, you cannot open it. You must retrace your steps to the junction. Turn to **141**. If you wish to stop when you get back to the cavern to play the crystals, turn to **177**.

94

You wriggle through the crack – to find nothing on the other side! Wildly you scrabble for a hand- or foot-hold, but find none, and plunge into the darkness. Turn to **17**.

95

The cliff is almost sheer, so that you are climbing by finger and toe rather than hand and foot, and the strain is terrible. Deduct 3 Strength points. Sweat pours from your brow, and as your fingers become too wet, you realise that if you do not reach safety soon you will slip into the abyss below. Turn to **46**.

96

The scent of flowers and perfumed trees lies heavily on the warm air. You climb up through the luxuriant foliage until you reach a small peak that marks the island's centre. On its South side is the opening of a small cave. Will you:

Walk down and explore the cave	Turn to	**173**.
Return to the shore?	Turn to	**182**.

97

There is no way through the tunnel for you, and you are doomed to wander the icy wastes forever. Your adventure ends here.

98

Throw 1 dice. If you throw 1, 2 or 3, turn to **108**. If you throw 4, 5 or 6, turn to **63**.

99

As the giant women stomp towards you, you wrench the mace from your belt and stand at bay. Turn to **62**.

100

As he comes near you, the Bridge-ward frowns in puzzlement. "A god, yet not a god, a mortal yet not a mortal," he mutters. He studies you closely for some minutes, then sighs. "I know not what you are," he says, "But you are not evil, nor yet a mortal, and so I must let you pass." And he stands aside. Turn to **107**.

101

Just your luck! Your lantern flickers and dies: you have run out of oil. But perhaps you will be able to get some more from the cave? Turn to **192**.

102

It will be hard indeed to defeat Heimdal without Miollnir:

	Dexterity	*Strength*
HEIMDAL	14	20

If you survive, turn to **107**.

103

The pattern carved into the stone on your ring is identical to that of the girl's. Together you insert the rings into the depressions. There is an overwhelming flash of light and you know no more. Your quest has failed.

104

Paddy-fields stretch all around you, their little walls making a chequered pattern through which the road winds on South, narrow and twisting, to climb back into the hills on your right. There, where a high pass cuts through the rocks above the tree-line, rises the pointed dome of a small, weather-beaten building. The certainty that this is the place you seek comes upon you, and you increase your pace eagerly. Turn to **165**.

105

To your amazement and relief, the formidable creature simply lifts you out of the water, and the chick jumps from its perch on your backpack, fluttering just before your face, whilst the larger bird coos gently. You have plainly reunited parent and chick, and for your pains you are carried high above the river, now a mere silvery thread below you; on either side, the ground is rocky and unwelcoming. After flying South for a short time, the huge bird swoops down, dropping you on the East side of the river. It soars effortlessly away again, its chick beside it, as you pick yourself up and look around, unhurt, but lost in a grey and dismal land. Turn to **193**.

106

Your hand brushes against a supple strip of leather. Instantly the battering of the earthquake ceases to hurt you. Quickly you buckle the belt (for such it is) about your waist. As long as you wear it your strength is greatly increased; you will lose only 1 point when an enemy wounds you, and inflict 3 points of damage when you wound them.

You settle down to sleep (add 2 Strength points). When you awaken you leave the building, refreshed and ready to continue on your way. Turn to **162**.

107

You step out onto the shimmering rainbow. Are you leading the Fenriswolf? If so, turn to **142**; if not, turn to **74**.

108

You slide down the scree in a wild tumble of stones and mountain debris, bringing up against a low outcrop of stone with a force that drives the wind from your body. Turn to **197**.

109

You plod Southward through the red-lit snow for hour after hour, becoming so tired that you can no longer see clearly – deduct 2 Strength points. At last, you come to what appears to be a large building, open along its entire Northern side. Will you:

Enter it to rest? Turn to **178**.
Go Westwards now, towards Ginnungagap? Turn to **159**.

110

You press the raised pattern on the wristband into the pattern on the stone – and a section of wall slides upwards, revealing a small chamber. Will you:

Enter? Turn to **124**.
Continue along the Southern passage? Turn to **25**.

111

As you follow the winding path across the face of the mountain, the air becomes warmer, moister, scented with flowers and sweet woods. Insects hum, and bright birds flutter and squawk in the trees and bushes. The road leads you South through terraced fields, past walls so long that you could almost forget their beginning before reaching their end, their tops overlaid with flat stones inscribed with the symbols of an ancient tongue. A sense of awe comes upon you as the veneration of a thousand years reaches out and touches your mind.

You reach the valley floor. Turn to **104**.

112

You land with a bone-shaking 'whump' that drives the air from your body; somehow, your lantern remains upright, burning brightly. Turn to **169**.

113

You quickly clear the fallen stones, exposing a beautifully-engraved casket. There are two distinctive depressions in its lid. Turn to **157**.

114

Throw one dice. If you throw 1, 2 or 3, turn to **180**; if you throw 4, 5 or 6, turn to **13**.

115

The evil mist dissipates, until, shortly, you breathe blessedly chill and clean air again, savouring it like sweet wine.

The tunnel veers sharply left, and on the right-hand wall a faint glow attracts your attention; a curiously carved pattern in the stone reflects the light dully. Are you wearing a wrought-silver wristband? If so, turn to **110**. If not, you must continue on South, turn to **64**.

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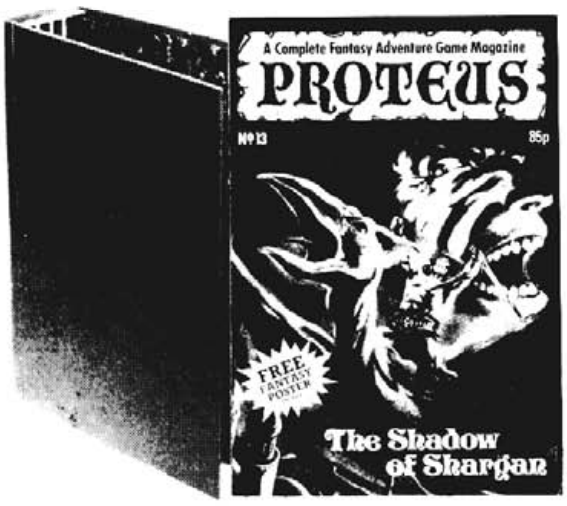

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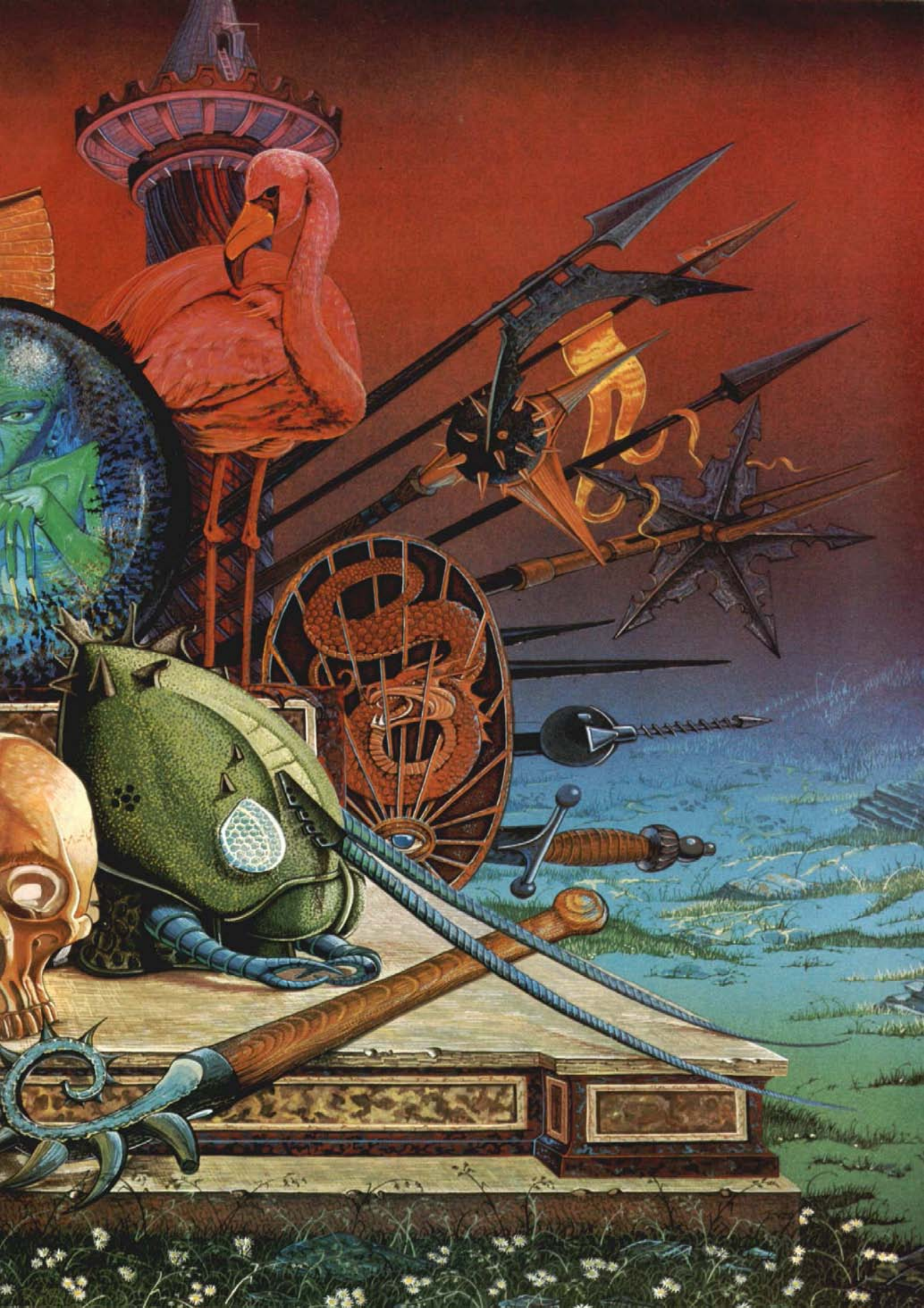

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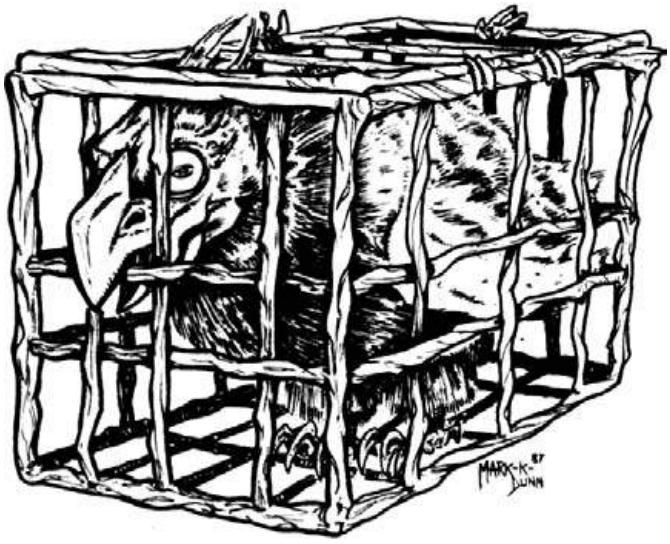
116

You can hear a pitifully weak chirping, and push aside a curtain of sticky cobwebs to discover a small caged bird. From its beak and talons, you guess that it is the young of some bird of prey. Lifting the cage with great care, you release the chick – but to your surprise, it hops onto your backpack, apparently quite comfortable. Since it seems that there is no other way to go now, you take the Westward passage – turn to **52**.



117

The tunnel opens out into a dimly-lit chamber filled with apple trees. The scent of apples fills the air and glinting golden apples peep through the golden leaves.

Will you pick and eat one of the apples? Turn to **91**; or resist the temptation and retrace your steps Northwards? Turn to **56**.

118

The climb over to the corrie is easy, and you soon stand on its icy surface. Turn to **48**.

119

At last, and to your everlasting relief, you reach the giant's stronghold; a huge and wonderful fortress made all of glittering ice, cut and faceted to refract a myriad different shades of green and red and blue. It nestles among the mountains, its delicate pinnacles and spires looking for all the world like a fairy palace. Turn to **168**.

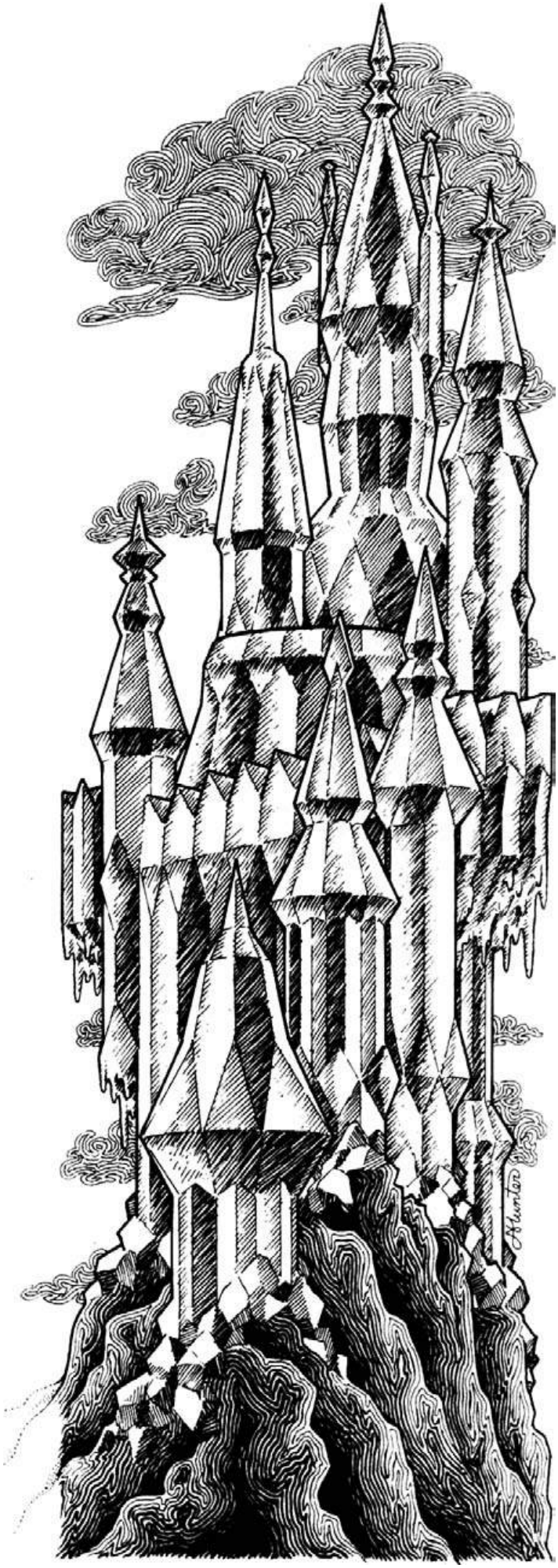
120

You negotiate the remainder of the ledge, which runs South and then West for a while, sloping downwards, until at last you are able to step down into the snowy landscape of the Iceland.

Will you now continue Westward, towards Ginnungagap? Turn to **166**; or go Southwards, deeper into the Iceland? Turn to **109**.

121

You watch, helpless, as the cloud resolves itself into the terrible form of the Fenriswolf; and its jaws engulf you, and you know no more.



122

The casket snaps open – and there lie the magic stones, traceries of fire glinting on their milky surfaces. Beside them lies a golden key. The girl sighs. "These are yours," she says gently. "Use them well." She pauses. "And guard too the key, for it opens the Door of Time." Her voice trails away, and you look around in surprise. She is gone – as are the mountains and valley. Beside you towers the extravagant figure of a Genie. "Come, I will take you home," he says. Turn to **200**.

123

	Dexterity	*Strength*
MODGUD:	10	15

If you survive, turn to **133**.

124

There is a dull "thunk" behind you. You whirl – to face a blank cave wall. The arch through which you entered has vanished! Sparkling mist issues from the chamber walls, coiling around you, enclosing you. Shapes come and go within the mist, touching you, tending you. Something is slipped around your neck: a golden ring on a leather thong, with a great, red ruby glowing on its golden band.

Then overpowering sweetness comes upon you, drowning your senses, and your eyes close, and you slump to the floor. Much, much later, you awake. As you get slowly to your feet, your mind still hazy from the cloying sweetness, you become aware of an archway in the West wall of the chamber. Passing through it, you walk downwards, and along a tunnel that soon turns South and then West again. Your footfalls are quite silent, your passage a steady progress through whispering trails of multicoloured mists. You turn South, and continue on your way, the ground sloping upwards now – but stop, as you see that you are high above a large, circular cave.

Even as you are considering what to do now, your decision is made for you, as the stony ledge on which you are standing crumbles . . . and you fall, rolling, sliding, into the pit below. Turn to **169**.

125

Putting arrow to string, you draw and fire. But this is an enchanted weapon, the arrow curves in mid-flight and hisses back to plunge deep into your own heart.

126

Will you throw the hammer at Heimdal?	Turn to	**67**.
Or attack him with it?	Turn to	**129**.
Or merely show him that you possess it?	Turn to	**42**.

127

The Eastern tunnel slopes gently downwards, the air becoming warmer and the walls sparkling with many-coloured crystals. You can hear a tinkling of water flowing nearby and as you descend the sound gets louder, until you emerge high up on the wall of a huge cavern whose boundaries are lost in unfathomable darkness. A river runs across the cavern bottom, spanned by the soaring arc of a slender bridge which glimmers in the lamplight. Waves and waterfalls of living crystal tumble from the unseen heights to the limitless depths below, rippling translucencies of myriad colours. Now at last you understand why dwarfs love the underground places of the world: could it also be true that each pillar and curtain of crystal has its own voice to be awakened by the touch of metal? Will you:

Draw your sword to find out?	Turn to	**177**.
Continue East, over the bridge?	Turn to	**93**.

128

You climb painstakingly down to the corrie's icy surface. Turn to **48**.

129

	Dexterity	*Strength*
HEIMDAL	8	14

If you win, turn to **107**.

130

If you've ever wondered what it feels like to be a potato chip, you've just picked a great way to find out, for a bolt of searing heat sizzles from the opal, frying you to charcoal.

131

The lightning has no power to harm you, and the storm plays itself out, leaving you unscathed. Turn to **163**.

132

The way is hard, and the drifts deep; but determinedly you push yourself onwards, until your passage is blocked by a great wall which stretches from East to West as far as you can see, and reaches up until it is lost in the cold depths of the sky. Dispirited now, you walk Westwards alongside it towards Ginnungagap, ever watching for some way through the wall. Turn to **40**.

133

Modgud's body is as beautiful in death as in life. A huge emerald ring on her finger glints in the pallid light: you may take it if you wish. Turn to **33**.

134

Modgud looks enviously at the glowing red stone. "Questor," she says, "I have a mind to the ring you wear. Will you make exchange with me?" She proffers you a huge ring bearing a carved emerald of unusual cut and design. Will you keep your ruby ring, or swap with her?

Whichever you decide to do, add 2 Wisdom points and turn to **33**.

135

Gently, Skrymir bends down and lifts you onto his shoulder. There you hang onto a hair as thick as ship's cable as he makes off Southward, his huge body rising and falling like a storm-tossed galleon. Your stomach heaves. Turn to **119**.

136

Two weapons take your fancy; which will you take?

A bow and arrows	Turn to **174**.
A mace	Turn to **54**.

137

Modgud pulls at her lower lip thoughtfully. "There are many perils between here and the Lost Land," she says, "Not the least being that none leave here having once arrived. But -" and she looks up, her face alight with laughter, "You are not dead! I think I know a way." Quickly, she describes to you the path that you must take.

Do you have a ruby ring? If so, turn to **134**. If not, turn to **33**.

138

Taking the jug you drink the milk – and the mists part. There is nothing above, below or around you. You try to move, and cannot. A dark cloud gathers on the horizon, coming rapidly closer, growing larger. There are eyes in the cloud, and teeth as tall as mountains. Have you a slender chain? If you have, and wish to use it, turn to **191**. If you have, and wish to use, Miollnir, turn to **150**. Alternatively you could blow the horn – turn to **27**. If you have none of these, turn to **121**.

139

You explain your quest to the warriors. Throw one dice. If you throw 1 or 6 turn to **58**. If you throw 2, 3, 4 or 5, turn to **199**.

140

The troll lunges forward with one long arm and tears the sword from your side. Will you:

Run for it now?	Turn to	**38**.
Fight with whatever comes to hand?	Turn to	**82**.

141

Will you now go:

West?	Turn to	**170**.
South?	Turn to	**183**.

142

As your foot touches the bridge, the wolf swells and grows, breaking the fetter which binds it. Darkness boils from its jaws, and fell creatures pour from their lairs in the mountains, speeding towards the bridge. The wolf growls deep in his throat, and at the sound of his voice the foundations of the bridge tremble and crack. With a terrible cry, Surt's hordes leap to the attack, and the rainbow-arch shatters, and falls. Ragnarok is upon you!

143

The new tunnel slopes downwards, slowly at first, then more and more steeply, doubling back on itself so that you are now heading Westwards. Soon you are fighting to keep your balance on the loose stones. Your feet slip from under you and you slide helplessly downwards, completely out of control. You pop through a grey tunnel mouth into a heaped bank of snow.

Spluttering, you struggle out of the drift and look around you. This is the land of frost which you saw from the ledge. The light from the fires beyond Ginnungagap is muted and pale at this distance, diffused by the ice and cold. Turn to **185**.

144

After hours of walking, you come to a great, strangely shaped building with a wide opening along its Northern side. You are so tired that you can no longer see clearly, but you may enter here to rest if you wish – turn to **178**; or go Westwards – turn to **159**.

145

You retrace your footsteps to the small cave. Will you now turn:

South?	Turn to	**183**.
East?	Turn to	**127**.

146

The spear is Gungnir, a magical weapon which gives victory to those over whose heads it is thrown at the beginning of battle. And, of course, as you have just thrown it, it has given victory to your adversary! Your doom is sealed and your adventure ends here.

147

The miasma thins and fades, and you see a Westward-running passage joining into yours just ahead. Will you:

Turn right into the new passage?	Turn to	**80**.
Continue Southwards?	Turn to	**19**.

148

Suddenly the peace is shattered by the snorts and screams of wild animals fighting. Some way off a pack of sabre-toothed tigers are attacking a huge mammoth. As you stand and watch the awesome sight, more tigers join from all directions and you realise that the mammoth is fighting a losing battle. Not wishing to watch the carnage, or to try to pass the growing pack of tigers, you turn and head South. Turn to **144**.

149

As the cold water shocks you into wakefulness, the illusion wavers, and fades away. You fall through the empty air of the ravine, to crunch into the jagged rocks below . . .

150

This is a mighty foe. Can you succeed where even the gods fear to venture?

	Dexterity	*Strength*
FENRISWOLF	13	17

If you win, turn to **163**.

151

A shadow falls across the stones. A fair-skinned, bright-eyed girl stands by you, clad in chain mail and a silver tunic; she wears a flying headband. She proudly holds a red flag bearing a white rose in one hand while the other grasps a fine sword; around her feet white roses have bloomed. A golden ring with a deep blue stone glows on her finger.

Your treasure lies close by your hand:

Will you attack the girl to protect it?	Turn to	**5**.
Or see what she wants?	Turn to	**189**.

152

Before the giantesses become aware of what you are doing, you throw the chain around them and make it fast. You are fortunate, for this is a magical and unbreakable fetter forged from strange and potent powers of the Earth before the dawn of time.

Leaving the giantesses bound and helpless, you make your way out of the hall. Turn to **188**.

153

You grope your way along the tunnel, tripping over loose stones and slithering on the more slimy bits, until your hand meets nothing before it. You have come to the mouth of another tunnel, running Eastwards. Will you:

Turn down it? Turn to **143**.
Continue on your way? Turn to **65**.

154

The tunnel soon makes a sharp right-hand turn and continues Southward. The air becomes stale and muggy. Soon it is almost unbreathable; like rank treacle it writhes, thick with foulness, weighing your footsteps with lead. Even the light from your lantern is dimmed, and when you open your mouth to cry aloud, no sound emerges.

You come to another junction. Will you:

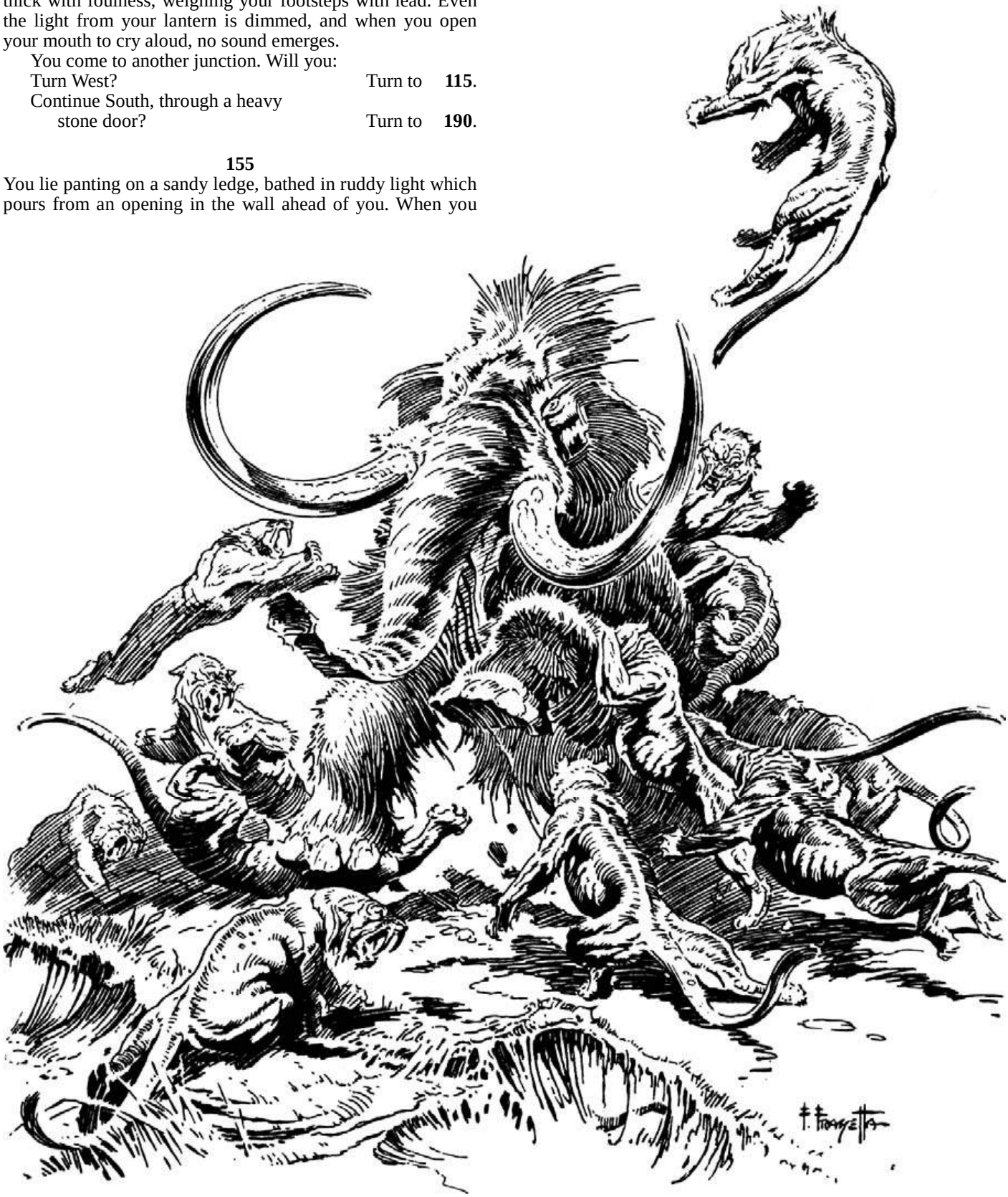
Turn West? Turn to **115**.
Continue South, through a heavy stone door? Turn to **190**.

155

You lie panting on a sandy ledge, bathed in ruddy light which pours from an opening in the wall ahead of you. When you have caught your breath, you crawl through the opening, dropping down to a rocky ledge below. You catch your breath as you land on the narrow ledge, high above a great expanse of ice, stretching as far as you can see. In the distance, to your right, mist whirls from what appears to be a great ravine, running due South: and far beyond, to the West of that, the land is ablaze. Entranced, you edge Westwards – could this great divide be the legendary Ginnungagap, divider of the lands of ice and fire? Turn to **66**.

156

The way West becomes more treacherous, the drifts deeper, as you struggle on for an hour or more. A fierce, biting wind



from the South pulls at your clothing and whips your hair into icy streamers. You struggle in vain, as the squall increases, blasting snow and ice into your face – lose two Strength points.

Then, to your horror, you realise that you are being lifted off your feet – the ground whirls beneath you, as you are hurled, spinning into the air, in the grip of a white tornado! Caught in the elemental power of the furious winds, you are whisked Northwards, circling – and ever approaching – the vortex; until you reach the very heart of the tornado, and fall. Beneath you, the yawning chasm of Ginnungagap awaits, and you drop into the depths – turn to **76**.

157

Have you a ruby ring? Turn to **103**.
Or an emerald ring? Turn to **2**.

If you have both, you must choose which to use. If neither, your quest ends here, for the rings are the keys to the casket, and you can never open it without them.

158

Some way down the tunnel, you come to a junction. A great chasm rends the earth ahead of you, but on your left, a tunnel slopes down gently. There is also a small protrusion on the right-hand wall which reminds you irresistibly of a doorknob. Will you:

Turn it? Turn to **34**.
Go down the left-hand tunnel? Turn to **143**.

159

As you press on West, a biting wind gets up from the South-East, driving the snow into deep, powdery drifts, and pushing you back North as well as Westwards. Gritting your teeth, you continue North-West, as the wind tears at you, hurling snow and fragments of ice – turn to **71**.

160

As you are explaining your need to the warriors, the wolf swells and grows, breaking the fetter which binds it. Darkness boils from its jaws, and fell creatures pour from their lairs in the mountains, speeding towards the bridge. The wolf growls deep in his throat, his red eyes fixed on the god-like warrior; and at the sound of his voice the foundations of the bridge tremble and crack. With a terrible cry Surt's hordes leap to the attack, and the arch of the bridge shatters and falls. Ragnarok is upon you!

161

You have chosen well, for it is not your task to deal with the Fenriswolf. Revenge is pointless, for he has not harmed you – and who are you to say that he should be destroyed? Add 4 Wisdom points and turn to **163**.

162

Outside once more, your jaw drops in amazement: stretched upon the ground alongside the building lies the massive form of a sleeping giant, maybe fifty yards long. The "building" is his glove and as you stare, the giant stirs slightly, shaking the ground beneath you, and a gargantuan snore issues from his lips. Then, with a cavernous yawn, he awakens and stretches up into the sky, the earth shuddering in harmony with his movements. He bends down to pick up his glove, and spies you struggling to get to your feet. He bows courteously, introduces himself as Skrymir, and invites you to dine with

him at his mountain fortress. Will you accept? Turn to **135**; or refuse and head West instead -this much courtesy could shake you to death! Turn to **156**.

163

You blink, as reality ripples, and changes. You have a sensation of floating, easily and gently down Ginnungagap, coming to rest on an island in the middle of a moonlit lake. You are, you estimate, roughly halfway along the fabled ravine. The air is warm and balmy, heavily-scented with pungent esters of spices and flowers. Somewhere, a flute is playing. You begin to feel very sleepy. Will you:

Lie down and rest?	Turn to	**50**.
Explore the island?	Turn to	**96**.
Dive into the lake?	Turn to	**149**.

164

You pass safely through the cave to the tunnel. Then you realize that you have no way of rekindling your lantern. You must either proceed in darkness, turn to **153**, or go back and try to get a light from the cave. Turn to **73**.

165

The building looks most unimpressive at close quarters: it is scarcely more than a pile of stones which might once have been white-washed and have now collapsed onto each other. The dome perches precariously on top, no longer rising proudly above the valley, but tilted crazily to one side, its pinnacle knocked askew. Gingerly, you reach out and touch one of the stones, and the heap collapses still further, slumping into itself with a little puff of dust which hangs suspended in the afternoon sunlight. As it settles, a gleam of gold catches your eye: there is something hidden in the debris! Turn to **151**.

166

For what seems like hours you push yourself onwards, dragging your feet through the drifts, while the radiant, shimmering fires to the West beckon, seeming ever distant. It begins to snow steadily, making the going even more difficult, and the ground heavier to cross – lose two Strength points. But at last you reach the edge of the great divide that is Ginnungagap, and, barely conscious, step out into its swirling mists – turn to **76**.

167

Heimdal towers above you, and the point of his sword rests at your feet. “You may not pass, mortal,” he says. But you must pass, for the object of your quest lies beyond the bridge. If you turn back now you will wander forever in the plains beyond the ken of humankind. Now at last is the time to use the horn. Turn to **59**.

168

Dizzy and shaking, you scarcely notice when Skrymir sets you down on the dais of his great hall – but you gradually become aware that you are surrounded by giants, all exclaiming at your small size in thunderous voices. Skrymir is nowhere to be seen. A couple of giantesses jump onto chairs and set up a piercing screech in voices like factory sirens, and a particularly evil-looking fellow pushes his way forward and leers at you. Turn to **172**.

169

You are in a tiny cave from which a narrow passage runs West – you notice a niche in the South wall at about waist height: the rune for ‘Danger’ is graven above it, and cobwebs curtain it. Will you:

Part the web and peer in?	Turn to	**116**.
Head into the Westward passage?	Turn to	**52**.

170

The Western tunnel winds its way upwards slowly but surely – are you coming to the surface?

Will you:

Continue on your way?	Turn to	**90**.
Turn back?	Turn to	**145**.

171

The tunnel plunges straight and smooth to the heart of darkness. At first, it runs level, but then it begins to dip down, becoming steeper and steeper, and your feet slip on its smooth surface. You scrabble desperately for a foothold, but there is none to be had, and your slide gathers momentum so that you cannon downwards, the air getting hotter momently, and a ruddy glow appearing beneath your feet, growing brighter. At last, when the heat and brilliance are almost more than you can bear, you shoot out of the ceiling of a great cavern whose floor is a sea of flame and molten lava. The last sight your burning eyes see is the lambent form of a giant Salamander, basking on a rock, just about to devour two other unfortunates. Your fate is sealed.

172

"Be you a mouse or a spider?" the giant hisses. "I think we should squash you, insect!" When you protest that you are an adventurer on a quest he howls with laughter. "Prove it!" he roars, towering over you and reaching out a hand so massive, it drowns you in shadow, "and wrestle with me!"

Having no realistic chance of victory or even survival against so enormous an adversary, you dodge and twist as he lumbers after you. The others laugh uproariously at this sight, until the air abruptly cools and is still. Turn to **175**.

173

You walk down the South side of the small ridged peak to the cave opening, and enter with caution. The walls of the cave glow faintly, and in the centre of the cave is a cauldron, filled with liquid. By the cauldron rests a spear, and an ugly, naked dwarf squats between the two, picking at his fingers. A gobbet o£ spittle hangs from his mouth. Behind him, there is an opening in the wall, and you can make out a light beyond. Will you:

Attack the dwarf?	Turn to	**89**.
Take the spear?	Turn to	**68**.
Drink of the liquid in the cauldron?	Turn to	**29**.
Touch nothing, but walk around and through the opening beyond?	Turn to	**26**.

174

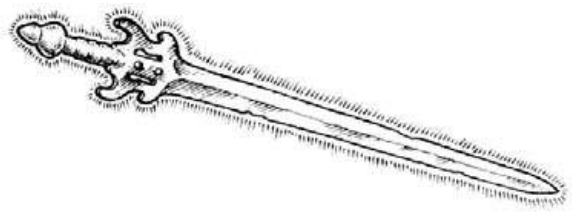
The bow and arrows are finely made and strong. Turn to **36**.

175

A sound like the crack of Doom blares over the noise. Skrymir himself wades through the crowd of giants, furious, berating them for tormenting his guest. He apologizes to you and carries you to his private quarters where he feasts you royally (add 2 Strength points). As a parting gift – or perhaps by way of apology? – he presents you with a delicate golden chain, as fine as a silken cord. It is obviously very precious, and you thank him courteously before continuing on your way. Turn to **37**.

176

The sword feels unusually heavy, but it is well-balanced and beautiful to behold. As you swing it, testing its mettle, the



Golden Apple fades away. You may now take the jug if you wish, turn to **138**; or leave it – turn to **163**.

177

As your blade touches the first giant crystal, a single clear note rings out, purer than the purest bell, echoing in the cavern's depths. You strike another crystal, and another, until a symphony of adamantine voices throbs through the cavern, striking echoes from other crystals, redounding and redoubling, becoming a huge pulse of sound that beats against your body, pounding through your bones until you fall, unconscious, to the ground. Deduct 2 Strength points and turn to **70**.

178

You enter the building. There is no furniture inside it, and several dark galleries lead of Southwards from the main hall. As you settle yourself against a wall, preparing to sleep, the ground heaves beneath you, and the building trembles. A great roaring fills the air.

In terror, you crawl towards the side galleries. Will you:

Take a left-hand one? Turn to **106**.
Take a right-hand one? Turn to **78**.

179

There is a 'thunk' from behind you. You whirl – to face the blank wall of a rocky mountainside. Turning back, you look out over a deep valley, hemmed in by a massive range of snow-capped mountains, their serried ranks marching purple into the distance. Although you must be thousands of feet up, you stand only on their lower slopes. The air is chill, and invigorating, the sun warm on your face. Scrubby blue-green plants cling to the boulder-strewn mountainside, ekeing out a precarious existence on its barren surface. Some way below, you can see that an ice-filled corrie hangs above the valley. A faint trail leads down the corrie, on your left, broken every now and then by ancient rock falls and score. Will you:

Follow the trail South? Turn to **194**.
Try to cross the corrie to the South-West? Turn to **128**.

180

Already tired, your hands slippery with sweat, you step heavily on a chunk of loose rock. With a rumble, the whole cliff face breaks away beneath you, and you plunge down, screaming, to your death.

181

Take the name of Miollnir's master, add the number of letters in the name, and then multiply by 15. Add one, and turn to that section number. If you can't solve *this*, turn to **7**.

182

Nothing much happens down at the lakeside, and soon you feel overwhelmingly sleepy again. Will you:

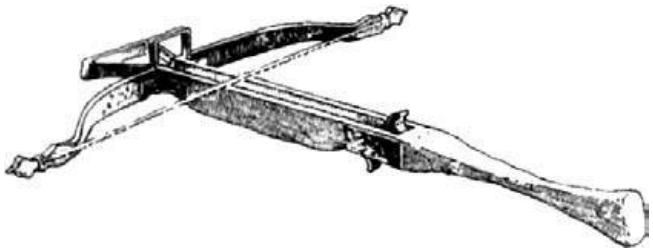
Dive into the lake to wake yourself up? Turn to **149**.
Lie down and rest? Turn to **50**.

183

The Southern tunnel leads down, then zigzags and begins to descend more steeply – you slip and lose your lantern. Curious scents tantalise your nostrils; crisp winter days, frost and snow mingle with a tang of sulphur and brimstone. A red glow tints the air. Turn to 18' if you wish to continue South. If you wish to return to the cavern and go West, turn to **170**. If you wish to return to the cavern and go East, turn to **127**.

184

As you release the chain, the wolf snaps at your hand – and the blood spurts redly. Halve your Dexterity score, and turn back to the paragraph you have just left.

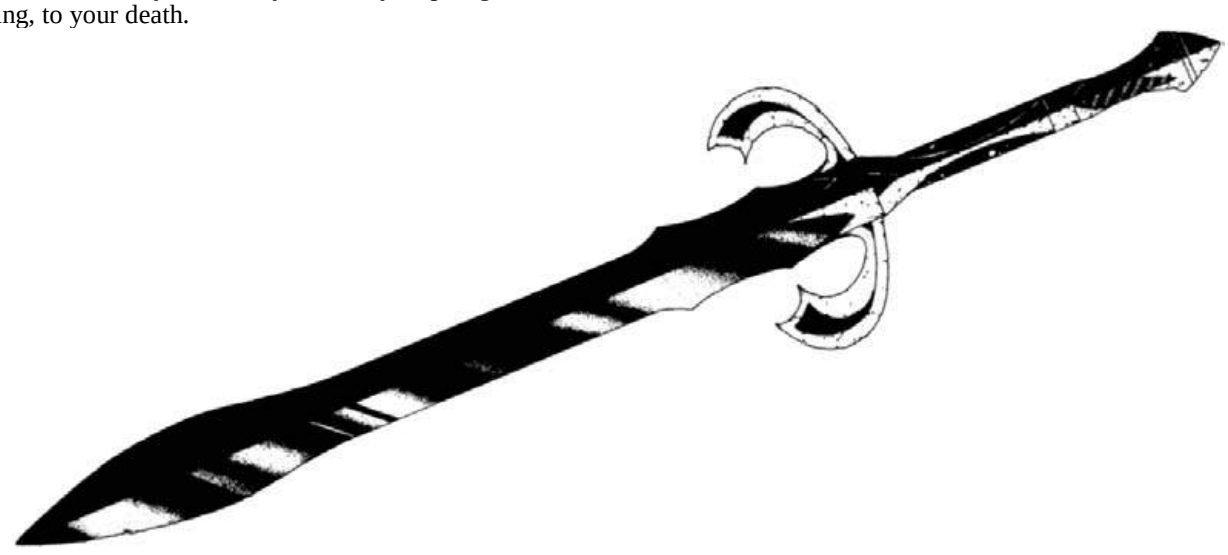


185

As though drawn by a magnet, you find yourself pushing your feet through the snow towards the eternal dancing fires far to the West. Stalagmites of pure ice reflect and refract the fire as though burning within, rearing like jagged teeth about you, while the cold, still air glitters and scintillates.

You stop for breath, and consider the hostile terrain. In the distance, behind you, is the endlessly high rock-face. You know not what may lie to the North and South. Will you:

Continue West, towards Ginnungagap? Turn to **31**.
Journey South, deeper into the Iceland? Turn to **109**.
Head North? Turn to **6**.



186

The chest is well-nigh invulnerable, and all you accomplish is a notch in your sword-blade. Deduct 1point from your Dexterity and turn to **7**.

187

Long ago, the dwarfs made Kvasir the Great in Wisdom, counsellor of the gods. But other dwarfs slew him, and made mead of his blood, which inspires those who drink it with like wisdom. You have just partaken of this mead. Add 2 Wisdom points. Turn to **26**.

188

As you cross the threshold of the hall, reality wavers, and the world changes again. Once more, mist coils around you, and the flickering lights and phantom voices whisper and wail. Then the light grows, and the mist parts, and you stand on the Eastern lip of the great ravine, free from illusion, disenchanted.

The land before you is thick with snow, the air sparkling with fine crystals of ice. You walk steadily, shivering, East. On your right a great wall, higher than the highest cliff, stretches from West to East, disappearing into the cold mists beyond. Turn to **40**.

189

The girl smiles at you, and moving to your side begins to clear the rubble from the golden object with her foot. Will you:

Attack her now?	Turn to	**5**.
Help her?	Turn to	**113**.

190

The door opens silently before you and closes silently behind. The air here is damper: and by the lantern's light you can see strange, faintly-phosphorescent weeds clinging to the walls and roof and floor. Gobbets of slime drip from their vile green and purple foliage, and bulbous sacs in their fleshy tendrils squelch and burst under your feet, popping dully and giving off a foetid odour.

A greenish glow emanates from a large clump of weeds to your right. Will you:

Examine the clump?	Turn to	**49**.
Continue on your way as quickly as possible?	Turn to	**147**.

191

A small breeze stirs the chain so that it brushes your hand; and the spell which binds you is broken. Quickly you fling the chain at the oncoming FENRISWOLF, and it coils around his neck. In moments he shrinks to the size of a large dog, with a baleful light in his eyes. Will you now:

Lead him with you?	Turn to	**69**.
Cast him down into the fires below?	Turn to	**47**.
Leave him where he is and continue on your way?	Turn to	**161**.

192

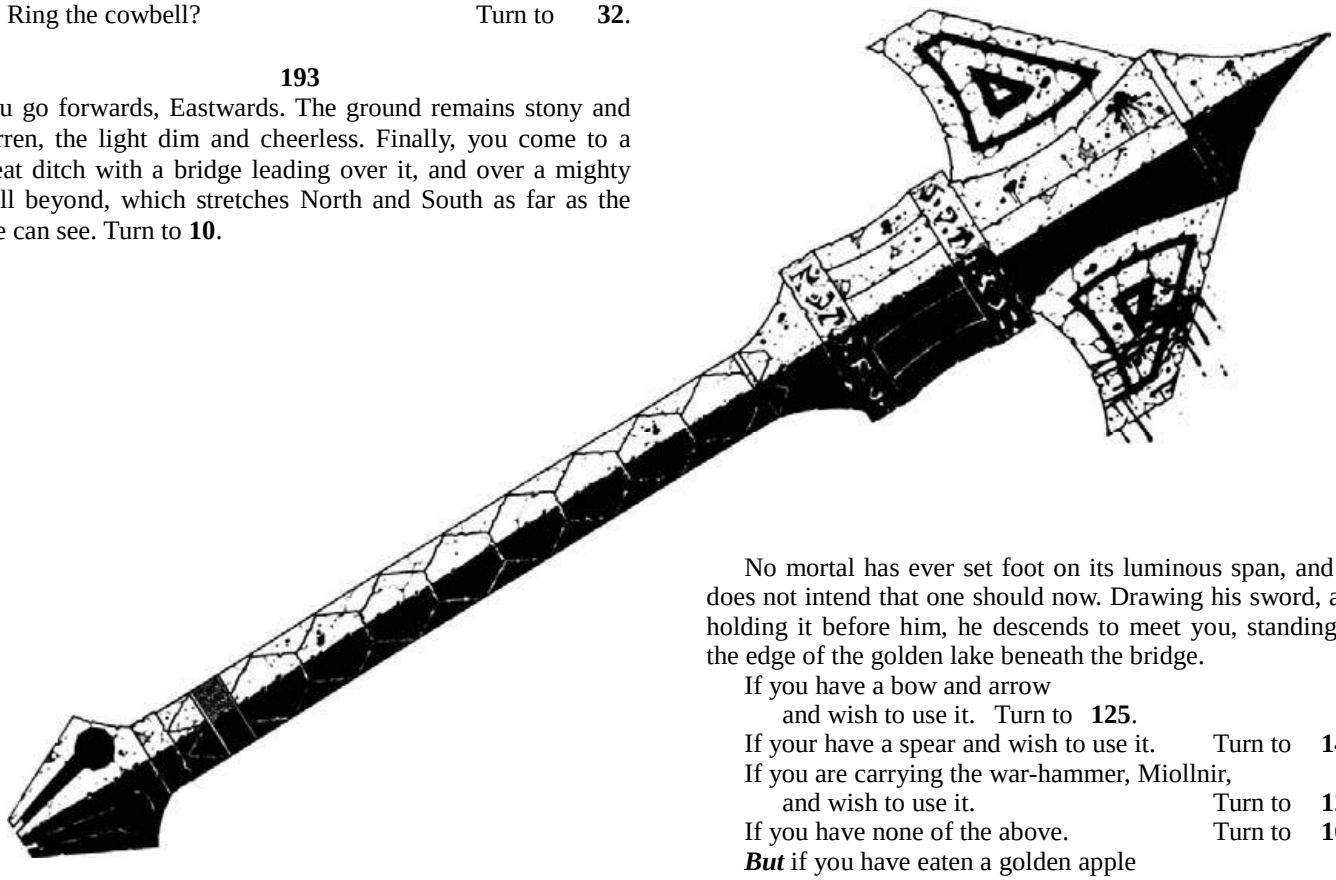
You tiptoe down the tunnel and peer past a large cowbell into the lighted cave. A small oil lamp flickers on a stone dresser, which holds some dirty stone plates, and bits of bone and rotting food. A huge stone bed fills one corner of the cave, and in it a lumpy shape beneath a heap of grubby-looking

furs. A tunnel leads South out of the opposite side of the cave. Will you:

Sneak through the cave to the tunnel? Turn to **164**.
Explore quietly, hoping to find something of use to you? Turn to **14**.
Ring the cowbell? Turn to **32**.

193

You go forwards, Eastwards. The ground remains stony and barren, the light dim and cheerless. Finally, you come to a great ditch with a bridge leading over it, and over a mighty wall beyond, which stretches North and South as far as the eye can see. Turn to **10**.



194

The trail is steep and covered with treacherous shale and, as the descent becomes increasingly precipitous, you have to cling onto the wiry mountain scrubs to control your slide. Below you a scree crosses your path, pouring down the mountainside to tumble over the lip of an overhang a thousand feet below. A little way above you and to your right, runs the edge of the corrie. Will you:

Continue on the trail? Turn to **98**.
Climb over to the corrie? Turn to **118**.

195

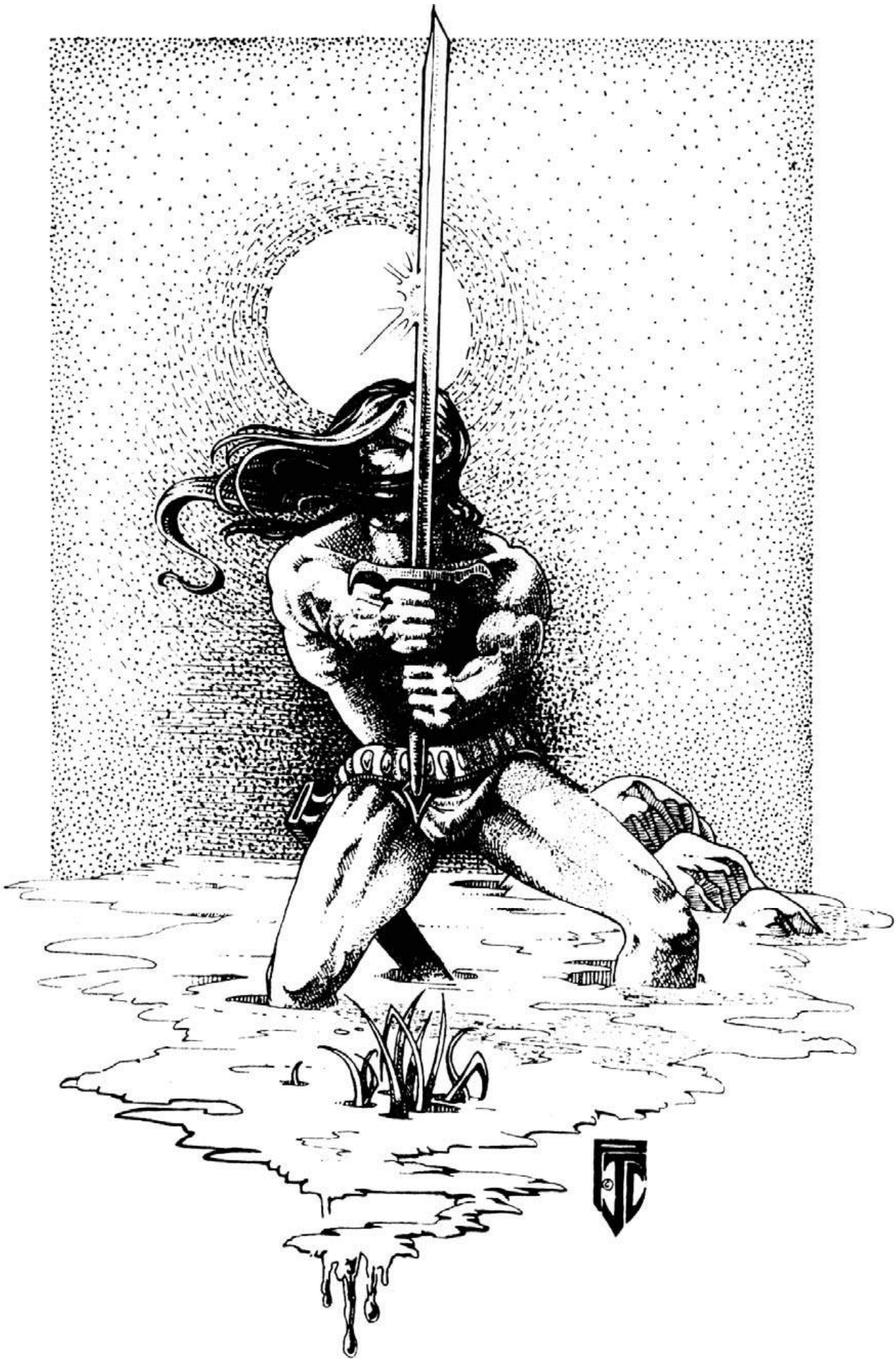
The corrie is some three hundred yards across, and very slippery. Ice demons lurk beneath its surface, waiting to entrap any who do not keep moving, and feast on their flesh. Throw one dice. For every 1, 2, 3 or 4, you move forward 50 yards, but every time you throw a 5 or 6, you fall over and lose 3 Strength points. If you run out of strength points before you reach the edge, the ice demons will get you and your adventure is over. If you survive to climb onto the little outcrop of stone at the Southern edge of the corrie, turn to **197**.

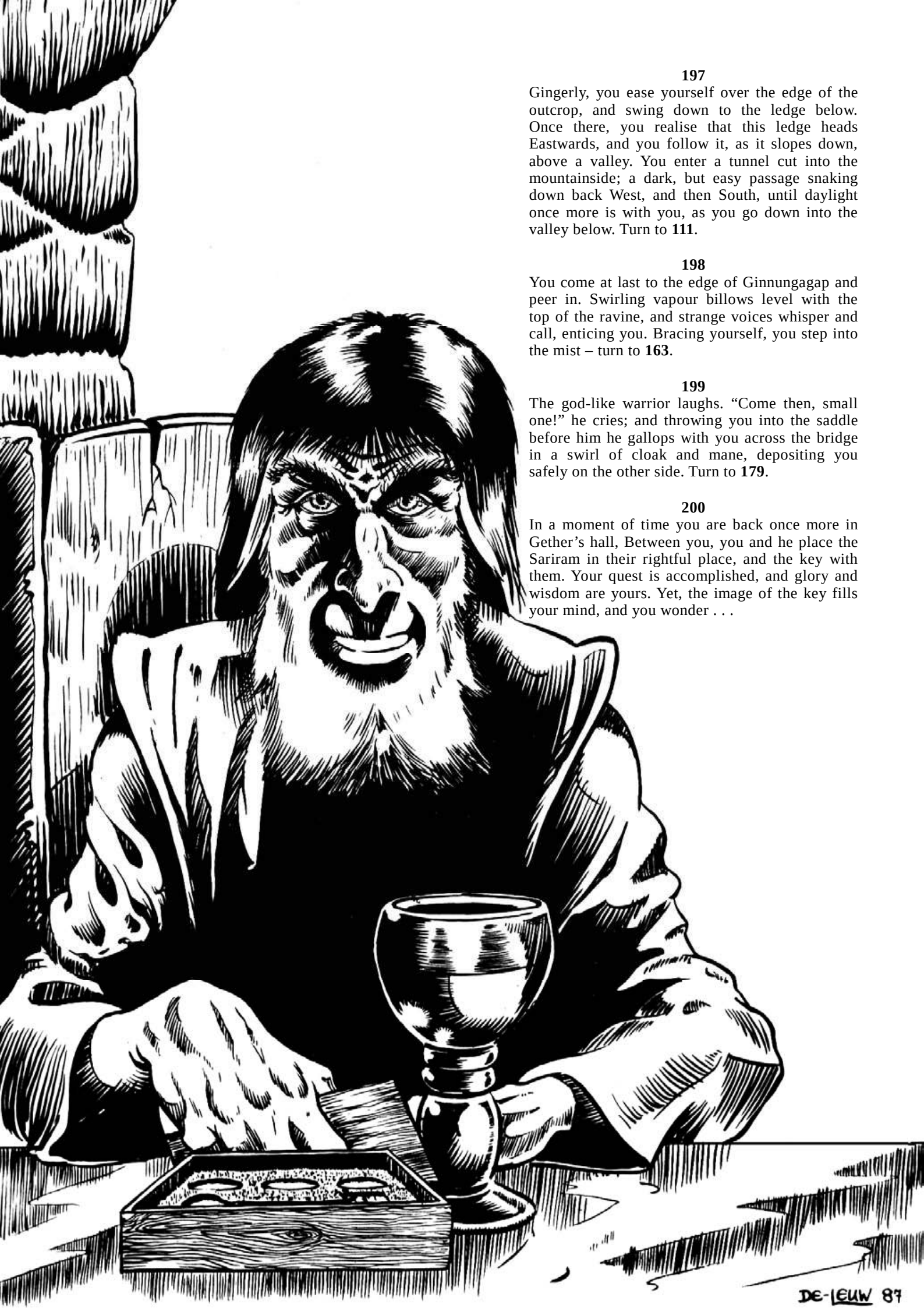
196

On the Bifrost Bridge, called by mortal men the rainbow, Heimdal keeps his ageless guard against the forces of evil and the day of Ragnarok, when the bridge will break and Surt's hordes overwhelm the world. Afterwards, the world will be remade; but that knowledge is not granted to Heimdal and his kin: for him, the battle will be final, and fire will cover the Earth as it sinks beneath the waves. And so his watch is unceasing, and his sword and horn ever ready to his hand. Now, far of, he sees a small figure making its way across the green lands of middle earth to the base of the bridge.

No mortal has ever set foot on its luminous span, and he does not intend that one should now. Drawing his sword, and holding it before him, he descends to meet you, standing in the edge of the golden lake beneath the bridge.

If you have a bow and arrow and wish to use it. Turn to **125**.
If your have a spear and wish to use it. Turn to **146**.
If you are carrying the war-hammer, Miollnir, and wish to use it. Turn to **126**.
If you have none of the above. Turn to **167**.
But if you have eaten a golden apple *at any time.* Turn to **100**.





197

Gingerly, you ease yourself over the edge of the outcrop, and swing down to the ledge below. Once there, you realise that this ledge heads Eastwards, and you follow it, as it slopes down, above a valley. You enter a tunnel cut into the mountainside; a dark, but easy passage snaking down back West, and then South, until daylight once more is with you, as you go down into the valley below. Turn to **111**.

198

You come at last to the edge of Ginnungagap and peer in. Swirling vapour billows level with the top of the ravine, and strange voices whisper and call, enticing you. Bracing yourself, you step into the mist – turn to **163**.

199

The god-like warrior laughs. “Come then, small one!” he cries; and throwing you into the saddle before him he gallops with you across the bridge in a swirl of cloak and mane, depositing you safely on the other side. Turn to **179**.

200

In a moment of time you are back once more in Gether’s hall, Between you, you and he place the Sariram in their rightful place, and the key with them. Your quest is accomplished, and glory and wisdom are yours. Yet, the image of the key fills your mind, and you wonder . . .

PEN PALS

I am a 16 year old Warlock looking for female warriors and sorceresses. Write to:
Cuchulainn the Warlock,
[redacted]
Mersham-Le-Hatch,
Ashford,
Kent [redacted].

I would like a pen pal interested in fighting fantasy and under 10. I am 8.
Adam Butters,
[redacted]
Blackpool,
Lancashire [redacted].

SOS! In desperate need of a fighting fantasy female. I am 15 and want someone between 15-17. Write to:
James Mason,
[redacted]
Balham,
London [redacted].

I am 13 years old and like reading *PROTEUS*, *Fighting Fantasy* and *Way Of The Tiger*. I don't mind someone older writing.
Daniel McVeagh,
[redacted]
Huntly,
New Zealand.

Hi! I'm looking for a pen pal. Any age. Female or Male. Write to:
[redacted]
Clevelands,
London [redacted].

Unfortunately this reader didn't give us his/her name.

MERKIN

I SEE IN MY CRYSTAL BALL THAT A TALL, SLIM, ATTRACTIVE LADY IS ABOUT TO VISIT ME
ENTER!
I REALLY MUST GET THE VERTICAL HOLD ADJUSTED ON THIS THING

MESSAGES from BEYOND

Dear *PROTEUS,*

I am writing to tell you that I am furious at the people who write in saying all the bad things possible about FF Gamebooks. Well here's one person who's a follower of all Gamebooks (except *Choose Your Own Adventure).*

In replying to J. Clewlow's letter (No. 10) I would like to say FF books are just as expensive as any other Gamebook (and sometimes cheaper) and are also an excellent introduction to anyone wanting to write their own adventure.

My favourite books are all adventure books and also Tolkien and other fantasy novel authors.

One more thing that I think would make a brill magazine even better is book reviews. We keep hearing about them, but never see them. Try to put some in the next issue.

Peter Bolton,
Clwyd.

We really are thinking about book reviews – promise!

Dear *PROTEUS,*

I have played Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and I 1 of your magazine and have a lot of things to say. But first the praise:

Your mag is very good value for money; the illustrations are great (my favourites are: issue 6, page 17; issue 9, page 35 and issue 10, page 35); the riddles are just right; the free posters are a great idea; the quests are original.

Now – Aaargh! – the complaints: issue 11 was not a good concept – it was too sci-fi for my taste. There should be more magic and one should be able to carry over items and characters. I think you should print more adverts and articles on live-action RPGs as well as normal RPGs. You should also have reviews of gamebooks as well as a Top Ten of RPGs.

I live at the end of the misty Twilight Zone (South Africa) and yours is the only magazine we RPG addicts can get hold of. So PLEASE put in more information. I play D&D (having recently retired 17th level Lord) and gamebook series such as *Fighting Fantasy*, *Way Of The Tiger* and *Lone Wolf*.

I would also like to see listings for computer versions of the *PROTEUS* adventures being published.

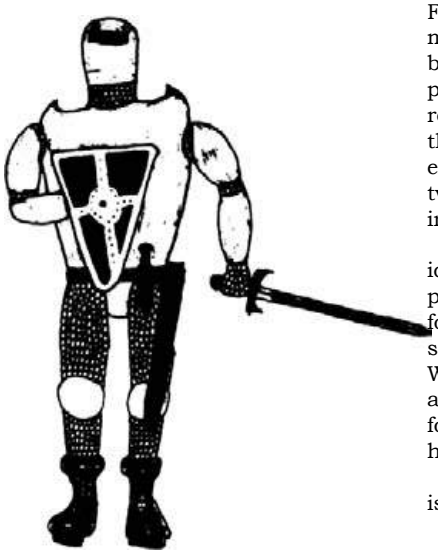
PS I enclose a picture of an Undead Knight. Hope you like it!

PPS My favourite gamebooks are:

1. The Black Pyramid
2. Monsters of the Marsh
3. The Warlock of Firetop Mountain
4. Seas of Blood
5. Kharé—Cityport of Traps
6. The Crown of Kings
7. Avenger
8. Usurper
9. Scorpion Swamp
10. Fire On The Water

Michael Liermann,
Bothas Hill,
South Africa.

Here's your pic. Your comments on sci-fi are noted and thanks for your Top 10 Gamebooks. We haven't heard much from other readers on this subject.



Dear *PROTEUS,*

I feel compelled to write to you having just read the letter from Matthew Hill *(PROTEUS* No. 13). I completely disagree with everything he says and my only conclusion is that he is either completely deranged, or did it for a bet.

Your magazine is of exceptional quality (translated: "absolutely brill"). There are plenty of magazines full of ads if you want them. The adventures are very good, the posters are great (especially the recent ones), the cartoons are hilarious and the letters page is the best.

As to his comparisons with other magazines, I agree with your reply; the "success" of *Warlock* clearly illustrates how good it was. As for White Dwarf, how many of WDs have one of these solo "gamebook" adventures in them?

Was Mr. Hill also implying that *PROTEUS* is not a serious magazine? In terms of dedication to the games, it is more serious than *Warlock* (which Mr. Hill seems to like so much) ever was.

Clearly Mr. Hill is only considering the aesthetics and gloss of the magazine and not the contents and in doing this he will obviously get an extremely distorted view.

PS My favourite gamebook is Scorpion Swamp – FF8.

Danny Banks,
Witney,
Oxon.

Thanks for your comments. Mr. Hill seems to be outnumbered.

Dear *PROTEUS,*

I have been collecting your magazine since issue 12 (not very long ago I hear you say). A friend recommended it to me and I went out and bought it.

Your magazine is far better than some gamebooks, such as Fighting Fantasy, because of the mapping system but it can get a bit frustrating as Ian Southwood pointed out (issue 13). The other reason why I like your mag is that there are so many other places to explore; it makes the adventure twice as challenging and more interesting.

I agree with Cassandra Luan's idea (No. 13) that a map of the previous adventure in the following issue would be helpful. I still haven't completed "The Weaver of Nightmares" (issue 12) and I am sick and tired of looking for Frowellyn. A map would be helpful here.

One last thing that I'll mention is that your posters are brilliant. I

hope to see more of them in the future.

PS Please print my letter, as it is the first time I have got round to writing one.

PPS And my picture if you have enough room.

Nabeel Ahmed,
Lower Knowle,
Bristol.

Your wish is our command. Both letter and pic. How's that!

Dear *PROTEUS,*

Firstly, I would like to congratulate you on issue 11. It's great; the quest catered for both fantasy and sci-fi lovers. Please include more of this science-fantasy style in a few of your future mags. (Although I do prefer fantasy to sci-fi.)

Like James Jordan of Dublin I am an avid fan of Tolkien, having read *The Hobbit* and *The Lord Of The Rings* series I'm eager to read more.

As I live in Australia, I find it difficult to procure your mag on a regular basis and when I do, I find the mag to be three or four months behind. Here in Australia role-playing games and books are very popular and often the best selling books in a newsagent's store will be fantasy game books like *Fighting Fantasy, Lone Wolf* and *Duel Master.*

I would like to comment on a few of the features of No. 11. First, the poster – it was brilliant – I believe one of the best posters put out so far. Riddles – fantastic. Even more (if that is possible) would be great. Finally, the Art – excellent, especially the Black Queen by Mark Dunn and the Witch Monster by my favourite artist Paul Campbell. Yet another compliment is centred around the cartoon *Quazi-Do-Do* – brilliant. I love Moribund's surprise ingredient for burgers – maybe they would sell well here in Australia!

In closing may I suggest including a readers' art page as Carl Wick suggested in issue 11. That's only if you haven't already done that (I wouldn't know, I haven't even got No. 12 yet). Also how about having spells available for characters to use in quests, e .g. fireball, lightning bolt.

PS I have enclosed a picture of a wood elf warrior. I hope you like it. Signing off.

Jason Renshaw,
Waroona Western
Australia.

Here's your pic. Don't know about a readers' art page – could cause a panic among our professional artists!

Dear *PROTEUS,*

I have read *PROTEUS* since issue No. 2 and I am now an avid fan and can't wait for the next issue to come out. I never did manage to get a copy of No. 1, but after Susan E. Harding's letter in issue 13, I finally found one. (At last!)

Although I love your mag I found issue 13 quite frankly boring and I couldn't be bothered to finish it. So no more semi sci-fi – stick to fantasy.

Apart from issue 13, keep up the good work.

PS My favourite gamebook is "The Crown Of Kings" (Sorcery 4).

Paige the Pracle,
Birmingham.

We're glad Susan's letter helped other readers.

Dear *PROTEUS,*

Just a few points I'd like to raise about your tab mag (and a certain "reader" with features of cow dung).

1. Don't change to Sci-Fi. You'd be daft. You'd only be pleasing the minority of your readers while the majority would look elsewhere for a full fantasy mag.

2. Puzzles. These are quite interesting but try not to make them too hard (as with issue 12's key puzzle – paragraph 2).

3.Matthew Hill (issue 13). *PROTEUS* has NEVER copied ideas from *Warlock*. *Warlock* was so rubbishy, it printed reader's stories to fill the mag. So why bother?

Must go now. Goblin wants his pen back. Keep up the good work. TTFN.

PS Could you PLEASE give me the answer to Dreadthread's key puzzle in issue 12 – it has me beat!

Mark Storey,
Parsons Cross
Sheffield.

Sorry, can't put you out of your misery over Dreadthread's puzzle – we might spoil other readers' enjoyment (or agony).

Dear *PROTEUS,*

I have just bought your issue 13 and would like to commend you on the success of your magazine.

I have all the *Fighting Fantasy* range of books save for No. 27 and Steve Jackson's "*Sorcery!*". I read all of the readers' letters in issue 13 and would like to say that Matthew Hill's letter was unjustified, i.e. for 85p the magazine is a deal. I mean most magazines nowadays cost around £1–£2 for decent material. I have got all your copies save for 10, 11 and 12. (I am at boarding school and it is difficult to collect all issues.) The poster and set out is good and the magazine itself contains only a minimum of advertisements. Like many readers I have to give credit to the artists, in my opinion especially P. Challenger, Mark Dunn and Dave De Leuw.

My only criticism being No. 13's poster. Not that good! It could have been a bit better! (No one's perfect!)

It is truly a good mag and I rate it first among all other fantasy mags.

David R. Viva,
Middlesbrough,
Cleveland.

If you're unable to "breakout" to get your copy of PROTEUS, why not take out a subscription? (See page 40.)

Dear *PROTEUS,*

I think your mag is excellent – excellent stories, excellent art work and excellent value for money. Playing your stories is the best way to relax after a hard day at school or work. I am 16 years old and have avidly collected your mag since No. 2. I was delighted when the replica No. 1 came out.

So far you have combined SF into a few of your stories (which I thought were great) and No. 11's maze was a killer – how do you map it? Why don't you do a martial arts adventure; as you may guess I'm a *Way Of The Tiger* freak.

I agree with Cassandra Luan (Issue 13) that you should print maps of previous adventures as I can never get my maps just right. Why don't you have a separate sheet for readers' drawings? I like drawing monsters which are always from my imagination, a few of which I have enclosed. So please could you try to at least print one.

PS I'll write again.

PPS If you don't print this I'll commit *hara-kiri* in a pit full of Bug-bears.

Andrew McGregor (alias Grimhawk),
Grangemouth,
Stirlingshire.

OK. We give in. Here are your pics. We never could BEAR to lose a reader.

Dear *PROTEUS,*

I agree with Ian Southwood (who had his letter printed in issue 13). I too have difficulties in drawing maps and I get very confused when I think that I have come to a room I have already drawn, but then find it is not. When this happens my rooms get smaller and harder to see until I have to re-draw the whole thing again on another piece of paper. As you can see, it gets rather expensive.

I have an idea for you to help us all. Why not print a ready-made map for us to keep or redraw for each issue's game. This would help a lot.

I think PROTEUS is fabulous and well worth 85p. I became interested in PROTEUS and RPGs after reading J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit.* I had already bought two of the *Fighting Fantasy* gamebooks range (by Puffin books) before. These are "The Warlock of Firetop Mountain" and "The Citadel of Chaos".

The first *PROTEUS* I bought was "The Triad of Evil" (issue 10) and now I have it on regular order from my local newsagent.

Please keep up the good work and art.

Lauren Graham-Scott,
Ipswich,
Suffolk.

The problem with your suggestion is that all our stones are different, so a standard map wouldn't help.

CLUB CORNER

In addition to Messages from Beyond and Pen Pals, our next issue will include a Club Corner where you can advise other readers of your club or role-playing group, or even ask if anyone is interested in forming a group in your area. Just drop a line to Club Corner, *Proteus*, 6 Church Street, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 1JH.

MERKIN
SO YOU WANT TO BORROW SOME BATS' TEETH - SORRY, I CAN'T HELP
BATS' TEETH ARE GETTING HARD TO COME BY & NOTHING WILL PERSUADE ME TO PART WITH THE FEW I'VE GOT LEFT
THERE'S NO POINT GETTING ANGRY, GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD LET YOU HAVE THEM
ROUND TIN, TOP SHELF
FLAN

QUAZI-DO-DO
ALL MOD CONS IN THE FORTRESS OF VOIDINESS—
Y'KNOW TELEVISION IS A WONDERFUL MEDIA.
WIMMPER!
DO NOT USE! FAULTY! DANGER!
HAZARD!
REMOTE
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ASICKY REMOTE UNIT
GET UP YOU LAZY DOG!!
ZING!
CHANGE TO CHANNEL 15!!
BONK!
OUCH! WHIMMPER! WHINE! WHEEEZE! BY YOUR COMMAND LORD!!!
REMOTE
NO MERCY NOT AGAIN—
AGHHH!
FZZZT!
DO NOT USE! FAULTY! DANGER!
-ART- MARK·K·DUNN
-STORY- IAN DOCKERILL

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INTRODUCING MICROPROCESSORS

by MIKE TOOLEY B.A.

EXCLUSIVE

City and Guilds Certificate Course

Over the next nine months this brand new series being published in Everyday Electronics magazine aims to provide readers with a thorough understanding of the principles and practice of microprocessors. More significantly, this series breaks new ground in the field of distance learning; it is the first to offer assessment and certification in conjunction with an internationally recognised examining body. We hope that you will follow this course for the next nine months and that many readers will complete the study programme which can lead to the award of a City and Guilds certificate in Introductory Microprocessors.

The Introduction, to be published next month, details the syllabus, explains how the course is set out, how and where to register for assessment, how the assessments are conducted, the microprocessors covered, cost, etc.

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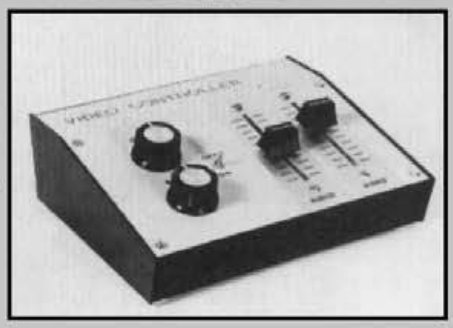

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SIMPLE STATIC MONITOR

"See" the static generated by stroking a cat or combing your hair. A simple project that could be useful in a school science lab or just use it for interest and entertainment.

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We are already experiencing unprecedented interest in the City and Guilds series and anticipate that the October issue will be in great demand. We strongly advise you to make sure of your copy by placing an order with your Newsagent **NOW** (you can use the order form).

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